

AUGUST

PRICE 20 CENTS

GENERAL LIBRARY, 1902

AUG 5 1902

*The*



**CHAUTAUQUAN**



*Magazine*



THE CHAUTAUQUA PRESS

CLEVELAND · OHIO

# Chautauqua

An Institution for Popular Education

Founded by LEWIS MILLER and JOHN H. VINCENT.

WILSON M. DAY,  
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.

J. C. NEVILLE,  
CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE BOARD.

JOHN H. VINCENT,  
CHANCELLOR.

## DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTION.

GEORGE E. VINCENT, Principal.

DIVISION OF HOME READING.

# THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

FRANK CHAPIN BRAY, Editor.

## Contents of "Vacation Number," August, 1902.

### Chautauqua Cover Design.

David. Statue by Bernini.	Frontispiece.
Highways and Byways.	429-442
The Fifty-Seventh Congress. Irrigation—Reclaiming an Empire. Civil Government for the Philippines. The Isthmian Canal Bill. Equal Suffrage in Australia. The Virginia Constitution vs. Democracy. Purer and Greater Democracy. Prohibition vs. Interstate Commerce. Taxing Franchises as Property. Tendencies in University Life. The Anti Trust Crusade. Progress of Compulsory Education. Israelite Alliance. Missionary Bishops. With Cartoons, Portraits, and other Illustrations.	
The Barons of Gemperlein.	Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach . 443
Complete in Six Chapters. From the German. Translation by Catherine Talmage.	
The Whippoorwill. Verse.	Mrs. Carroll B. Fisher . . 465
Marriage Predestinate ("Gum Gwoo Kay Gwoon").	Chu Seoul Bok and Vincent Van Marter Beede . 466
Bernini: The "Modern Michelangelo."	Felicia Buttz Clark . . 475
Illustrated.	
The French Juras.	Caroline S. Domett . . 484
Illustrated.	
How Two Women Found the Shortia.	Harriet E. Freeman . . 490
Illustrated.	
Cut-Works, New and Old.	Ada Sterling . . 496
Illustrated.	
The American League for Civic Improvement.	E. G. Routzahn . . 501
Illustrated.	
Apropos of a Statue of Frederick the Great.	Edwin Erle Sparks . . 507
Anita Garibaldi.	Lena Lindsay Pepper . . 511
The Women Novelists of Germany.	Sarah B. Smith . . 518
The Good Bumblebee.	S. B. Elliot and Charles McIlvaine . . 522
News Summary.	. . . . . 528

### CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION:

WILLIAM S. BAILEY, Director of Publications.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK.

Entered according to Act of Congress, August, 1902, by CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 20c.

Entered at Cleveland Post-Office as Second-class Mail Matter.





STATUE OF DAVID.

Executed by Bernini before he was eighteen years of age.

See page 475.



# THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

VOL. XXXV.

AUGUST, 1902.

No. 5.

## Highway & Byway



CONGRESS, in these days of over-legislation, is to be judged by the quality rather than by the quantity of its work. The first or "long" session of the Fifty-seventh Congress lasted exactly seven months, but the number of public measures of importance or moment which it passed is not large. A congress is also to be judged by its omissions and failures, and this test, even when applied by critics disposed to be friendly and entirely impartial, discovers flaws in the record of the session.

Congress, especially the senate, was slow in getting to work, and it had before it several questions which not only invited, but challenged and required protracted discussion. It will suffice to name the Philippine tariff, the civil government bill for that archipelago, the isthmian canal project, Cuban reciprocity, the ratification of the Kasson treaties for the increase of foreign commerce (treaties drawn under the Dingley act), and the protection of the president from anarchistic or revolutionary violence. Next in importance, but eminently debatable, were: the irrigation bill, the bill taxing colored oleomargarine ten cents a pound, the bill to exclude Chinese immigrants, and one to admit the territories of Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico as states into the federal union.

Of these all were passed except the Cuban reciprocity, the statehood bill, and the anti-anarchy bill. Another exception is the commercial treaties, which were revived and reported to the senate, but not ratified or discussed by that body. Upon the greatest of the measures enumerated we comment elsewhere in separate notes. The statehood and anti-anarchy bills reached the conference

committee stage, and they will probably be dealt with at the "short session" of the present congress.

With regard, however, to the question of Cuban reciprocity, involving not only commercial but moral considerations of the highest importance, the prospect is by no means bright. The senate did not even discuss the house bill for the relief of Cuba, chiefly because it contained a provision depriving the refiners of sugar of their "differential" — at least, this is the charge generally made in the press. Eighteen or twenty senators strenuously opposed any concession to Cuba in the shape of a direct reduction of the duties on her staple products. They argued that such a reduction would not only fatally injure the beet-sugar industry of the United States, but tend to reopen the whole tariff question. President Roosevelt was constrained to send a special message to congress meeting these objections and renewing his recommendation for action in pursuance of interest and duty, but this step proved of no avail. Even among the supporters of the president there was weakness, half-heartedness, or insincerity, and the bill reported by the Cuban committee of the senate (a better measure than that of the house, and one minus the anti-differential provision) was not even considered. This in spite of the fact that nearly all the state conventions, Republican as well as Democratic, have supported the president's position and repudiated the anti-reciprocity attitude so far as Cuba was concerned. There is no doubt that an overwhelming majority of the people have sincerely desired the adoption of some proper and liberal Cuban relief measure, for the condition of the freed

island is said to be extremely serious, and President Palma's task is as difficult as it is delicate.

It is doubtful whether such a bill will have a better chance at the next session. A different course has, in fact, been deter-



GENERAL EDWARD S. BRAGG,  
United States Consul-General  
to Cuba.

mined upon. A reciprocity treaty will be negotiated between the United States and Cuba, and, either at a special session in November or at the regular session, congress will be asked to ratify it. The success of this attempt will in a measure be deter-

mined by the next congressional elections, as the Democrats will make the failure of Cuban reciprocity a leading issue in the campaign.

Congress, it should be added, has done nothing to give effect to the president's radical anti-trust suggestions, and has declined to enact new legislation confirming the single gold standard and introducing asset and branch banking into our financial system. Bills dealing with these questions were introduced and casually debated, but the policy of "let well enough alone" prevailed with reference to them, as it did with respect to general tariff revision.

It is generally admitted, however, that the session was memorable, interesting, and notable. Some of its debates were on a high plane of intellectual and oratorical merit.



#### Irrigation — Reclaiming an Empire.

The Far West is rejoicing over the passage by congress and the signing by the president of an irrigation bill of the greatest possible importance. The question has been under discussion for a number of years, and of course the desirability of reclaiming the arid lands of the western states and territories

has been universally recognized. It is stated that private enterprise has reclaimed all the land that could be sold to home-seekers at a reasonable profit, and that the 750,000,000 acres of the arid domain which can be rendered productive by irrigation demand an expenditure far beyond the capacity of private capital. The states might undertake the work, but congress has refused to cede the lands to them, and the act just passed provides for irrigation at the national expense.

A modest beginning has been authorized, but the opponents of the measure (and they are many, even among the leading Republicans in congress) assert that the government has been committed to a dangerous plan that will mean heavy annual irrigation appropriation bills and an aggregate cost of perhaps a billion. The objections to the act are serious and apparently well-founded, but the friends of irrigation dwell on the great benefits of a scheme that will provide millions of industrious men with homes and farms, that will "reclaim an empire" from nature and stimulate every industry in the country.

The bill appropriates the proceeds from the sale of public land for irrigation. The work is to be directed by the secretary of the interior, who is given the authority to determine what lands are to be irrigated and where the irrigation works shall be located. The secretary has now about \$6,000,000 at his disposal to begin operations, and about \$2,000,000 will accrue each year from further sales into the reclamation fund. The amount will be larger when the sale of irrigated land shall have commenced.

The reclaimed land cannot be sold to syndicates or speculators. No one may buy more than one hundred and sixty acres. In this respect the act is admitted to be entirely satisfactory.



SENOR GONZAL DE  
QUESADA,  
First Cuban Minister to  
the United States.

But is it constitutional? Prominent Republicans do not hesitate to say that the money appropriated by the bill is not, strictly speaking, a public use. Congressman Ray said, in a minority report to the House of Representatives:

"The use proposed by this bill is not a public use, unless congress has the constitutional power to improve the government lands for the purpose of making them more salable, bring a higher price in the market, and in so doing is carrying out a governmental purpose and executing a power conferred by the constitution for the benefit of all the people.

"The water and water rights condemned are not to be kept and used for the general government, but sold again for private use.

"The bill is unconstitutional because the Congress of the United States has no power to provide for irrigation improvement of its public lands situate within a state—probably not those situate in a territory."

It is further objected that it is unjust to take the proceeds of public lands in one state and use them for irrigation in another state; that the government has no power to condemn water rights in one state for the improvement of lands in another state held for sale to private citizens; that water may not be taken from California, for example, and conducted by canals into Nevada for irrigation purposes. It is not denied that railroad lands and private property will be made vastly more valuable than now by this irrigation plan. In fact, Congressman Hepburn of Iowa, a distinguished Republican, denounced the act as "the most insolent attempt at larceny ever embodied in a legislative proposition," while Congressman Grosvenor described it as "a direct draft made by the railroads."

This does not exhaust the pros and cons of the question, but it sufficiently indicates the nature of the industrial, financial, constitutional, and legal points which the act will continually raise.



#### Civil Government for the Philippines.

Military rule and division of power and of responsibility are at an end in the Philippine Islands. The new act for the government of the archipelago makes the civil commission supreme, in the islands inhabited

by the Moro (Mohammedan) tribes, and provides for the continuation of the policy of establishing municipal and provincial self-government. It also provides for the establishment of a central territorial legislature of two branches—one popular and elective,

the other composed of men appointed by the government.

This legislature, however, is not to be established immediately. First

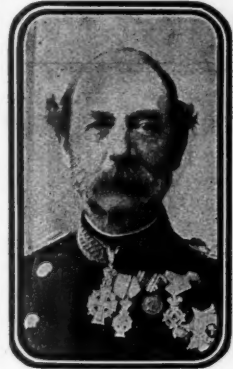
a census of the islands is to be taken, and then, if a condition of complete peace and order shall prevail for two years thereafter, and that fact

be certified to the president, the latter shall order the Philippine commission to call a general election for the choice of delegates to a popular assembly. The assembly is to send two delegates to congress.

This provision was favored by Governor Taft and opposed by the senate. Thanks to the insistence of the house, it was retained in the compromise bill elaborated in conference committee. It is regarded as a substantial concession to Filipino sentiment and will no doubt please and reassure the more enlightened natives.

The act is comprehensive, and covers economic as well as political needs. The silver standard of value remains unchanged, serious differences between the two houses of congress having prevented legislation upon this subject, except that the commission is authorized to coin subsidiary silver money. The ownership of land by individuals and corporations is strictly regulated, as is the acquisition of franchises and privileges. A corporation may not hold more than 2,500 acres of land, while individuals are to enjoy opportunities similar to those conferred by our homestead system.

The constitutional bill of rights is ex-



CHRISTIAN IX.,  
King of Denmark.

pressly extended to the islands, but exception is made of the right to bear arms and that to trial by jury. This provision is mere surplusage if the bill of rights extends to the new possessions of its own force, as many hold to be the case. The Filipinos are



SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER,  
Of Wisconsin.

not made citizens of the United States; they are declared to be citizens of the Philippine Islands.

The principles of this important act were thoroughly discussed in the long debate in the senate which preceded the vote upon it. Throughout this spirited and earnest debate the fact was

emphasized that the Philippine question was still open, and that Congress was not committed to permanent retention of the islands. Supporters of the administration like Senators Spooner and Clapp, declared that they were opposed to the idea of permanent dominion over the Filipinos and contemplated the establishment of an independent Philippine republic. The policy so successfully pursued in Cuba, they had no doubt, would be applied eventually in the Philippines, but for the immediate present, they asserted, there was no alternative to American control. Even a promise of ultimate independence would lead to confusion, disorder, and dangerous agitation, and therefore it was expedient to withhold all expressions of expectation and intention. The Democrats and several Republicans, including Senator Hoar, demanded a pledge of non-annexation similar to that made in the case of Cuba, but the majority, relying on the testimony of Governor Taft and the civil commission, declined to make it. Here are the significant words with which Senator Spooner, the acknowledged spokesman of the administration, closed his speech in favor of the bill and the policy reflected by it:

"I hope that the senator from Massachusetts will be able to write, 'We went to war with Cuba. We drove Spain from the island. We acquired Porto Rico and gave it the institutions of liberty and the blessings of prosperity. We took (reluctantly, because by the fortune of war we were there) title to the Philippine Archipelago. We subdued resistance to our authority. We planted schools all through the islands. We established a school of government in which that people were taught the lessons of liberty restrained by law. We emancipated the peasants from feudalism. We protected that people from a scourge which for three hundred years had oppressed them. We made them fit for self-government. And when the time came we consulted their wish as to whether we could give them independence and sail away or leave our flag with them—a flag not vulgarized; a flag ennobled by our victories in peace as well as in war.'

"What will they say? I believe they will say: 'Leave the flag there. Leave it there until the republic, the only republic in Asia, shall be stronger—able to go by itself.' I believe that it will work out in that way, and we wish to be helped to work it out, without regard to party."

President Roosevelt himself has recognized in a public speech that the Philippine problem was not settled by the treaty with Spain or by any subsequent action, and that it will be necessary to decide some day between annexation and independence. Undoubtedly the sentiment for Philippine independence at the proper time is growing among leading Republicans. President Schurman, head of the first Philippine commission, continues to advocate Philippine independence with great earnestness. The discussion has entered upon a new phase, rancor and passion yielding to moderation and sobriety.



#### The Isthmian Canal Bill.

At last a step—a long step—has been taken by congress toward realizing "the dream of centuries," the construction of a ship canal connecting the two oceans. The "battle of routes," discussed heretofore, is not ended, but the final decision is remitted to the president, and the circumstances of the case were such that congress was bound to vest considerable discretion and authority in the chief executive.

Early in the session of the Fifty-seventh Congress the house passed the so-called Hepburn bill, providing for the construction of



a canal along the Nicaragua-Costa Rica route. The Walker commission, however, had made a supplemental report unanimously recommending the Panama route and the acquisition, for \$40,000,000, of the property and franchises of the Panama Canal Company, the reorganized French corporation. That route was declared to possess many decided advantages, and it would certainly have been recommended in the earlier report as the most feasible and desirable had the original price for the company's assets been deemed reasonable by the commission. The action of the house in ignoring the expert opinion of the canal commission was strongly disapproved by the press and public opinion.

In the senate the Hepburn bill had many fervent advocates, but there was also a powerful Panama faction, led by Senator Marcus A. Hanna. A deadlock would undoubtedly have resulted had not Senator Spooner of Wisconsin presented an adroit compromise measure. The subject was ably, honestly, and warmly debated, and at length the Spooner bill was substituted for the house measure by a majority of eight votes. The conference committee accepted the substitute, and the house subsequently ratified this conclusion.

The Spooner bill provides for the acqui-

sition of the Panama Canal Company's property and concessions, if satisfactory title thereto can be obtained, and for the construction of the ship canal under the direction of an expert commission at a total cost of \$175,000,000. If valid title cannot be obtained *within a reasonable time* (no more definite limit is set), the canal is to be constructed by the Nicaragua route at a cost not exceeding \$180,000,000. An appropriation of \$10,000,000 is authorized toward construction, by either route. Popular bonds, bearing two per cent interest, are to be issued from time to time to defray the cost of the enterprise up to the total of \$130,000,000, the remainder to be paid out of the treasury surplus not otherwise appropriated.

First of all it will be necessary to negotiate a satisfactory canal convention with the government of Colombia. A provisional protocol has already been signed by the two governments, but the terms granted by Colombia are not entirely satisfactory. When concluded, the treaty will have to be submitted to the senate for ratification. Some believe that ultimately the Nicaragua route will have to be adopted, but, while this is possible, it is not at all probable. Competent lawyers hold that the Panama Canal Company is able to convey a good and valid title to its property, and it is not likely that Colombia will throw away a great opportunity by advancing unreasonable demands or declining to meet the wishes of the United States in the matter of terms.

At all events, even those who long maintained that it was "Nicaragua or no canal at all" now admit that the Spooner act insures the construction of a canal under the control of the United States.



UP TO THE PRESIDENT.

And the dirt will soon fly to one side or the other.

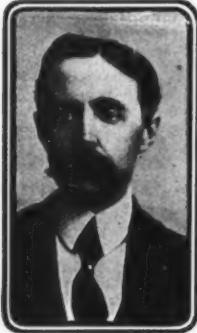
—Minneapolis Journal.

#### Equal Suffrage in Australia.

Not all the states in the Commonwealth of Australia have "equal suffrage"—that is, adult suffrage irrespective of sex. Yet an act has just been passed by the federal parliament conferring full suffrage on women. There was practically no opposition to this important and radical measure, which

embodies the most substantial victory ever gained by the advocates of the political enfranchisement of women.

The federal system of government has its anomalies, and one of these will be exemplified in those Australian states which still



MICHAEL HENRY HERBERT,  
New Ambassador from  
Great Britain to the  
United States.

prevent women from voting for state officers and the state legislators, as well as in municipal elections. These disfranchised women will henceforth be able to vote for all federal officers, and it is rather paradoxical to assume that citizens qualified to vote in federal elections are incompetent to participate actively in state and local political affairs. It is not

doubted that the action of the federal parliament will lead to an early revision of the suffrage laws of the component states, and that before long woman will be man's equal, politically, throughout Australia. It is to be noted, however, that the right to vote is distinct from that of holding office. The federal equal-suffrage law does not provide for the election of women to any position of power or trust under the commonwealth government. Complete enfranchisement, it is hardly necessary to say, implies the removal of all such disabilities.

American suffragists are naturally pleased with the remarkable achievement of their Australian sisters, and in a resolution adopted by a branch of the National Woman Suffrage Association the following remark is ventured: "We believe the women of America are not inferior to those of Australia in intelligence and patriotism, and we call upon American men to emulate the legislators of Australia in justice and chivalry." It is interesting to know that ex-Secretary John D. Long and Senator Hoar are convinced adherents of equal suffrage, and that President Roosevelt is also claimed by the suffragists as a sym-

pathizer with their cause. The question of equal suffrage has again been argued before the committees of our congress, but no report has been made on the subject.



#### The Virginia Constitution versus Democracy.

Much unfavorable comment, not to say harsh and bitter criticism, has been provoked in the northern press by the action of the Virginia Constitutional Convention in deciding to "proclaim" the new constitution, instead of submitting it to the people for ratification or rejection. There are few precedents in the United States for "proclaiming" a body of organic law, and the action is deemed peculiarly strange and reactionary in these days of increasing recourse to the referendum. Apart from general considerations, it appears that the legislature, in calling the constitutional convention, expressly provided for the submission of the results of its labors to popular vote. The convention was controlled by the Democrats, and their platform also contained a distinct pledge of submission. In view of these facts, the decision of the convention against that course certainly required explanation and defense.

The *Richmond Times*, which had vigorously advocated submission, attempts an explanation, as follows:

"Had it been decided to submit the question to a full vote of the people there might have been a long and bitter contest, and there might have been other things too disagreeable to mention, of which we should all have been ashamed after the election was over. The Democrats would not have permitted the constitution to be defeated. It is best to do it this way. The whole movement is revolutionary and the simplest and quickest way of disposing of the subject is the best."

This is taken to mean that the white voters, determined to secure the adoption of the constitution, would have resorted to intimidation, ballot-box stuffing, illegal counting, and so on, to prevent the colored citizens from defeating it. That there would have been a strong effort to defeat the new constitution is certain. While it is in many respects an admirable, progressive, sound instrument, it includes suffrage provisions designed to disfranchise illiterate negroes.

These provisions are declared to be discriminative (especially the understanding-the-constitution test) and repugnant to the spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment.

In saying that the movement is "revolutionary," the *Richmond Times* implies that the South is resolved to undo the work of the reconstruction period in so far as it conferred political rights upon the freedmen which they were not fitted to exercise intelligently and independently. Since the Fifteenth Amendment will never be repealed by congress, the South, no longer restrained by the fear of "force bills" and federal intervention, intends to nullify the enfranchisement of unintelligent and illiterate negroes. Hence the "grandfather clauses" and the various other devices which have in recent years been adopted by Southern conventions and legislatures for the avowed purpose of reducing the colored vote and insuring white supremacy.

While, as already remarked, the Virginia convention has been severely criticized for its high-handed action, several northern

papers have called attention to the profound indifference of the people and of the Republican statesmen to the "revolutionary" — or "counter-revolutionary" — movement in the South. The contrast between the popular attitude of the North today and that of, say, the early nineties, when the final unsuccessful attempt was made in the senate to pass a federal elections bill, is certainly significant and striking.



#### Purer and Greater Democracy.

Among the remarkable features of our day is the rapid growth of political movements which aim at greater democracy in government and legislation. There is widespread distrust in representative assemblies — caucuses, conventions, and legislatures. The voters are seeking to secure direct control of nominations, elections, and law-making. These tendencies are not confined to the newer states; they are manifesting themselves in old, settled, and conservative commonwealths as well. Rhode Island is discussing the submission of a referendum amendment to the constitution, while the people of Oregon, at the late state election, adopted, practically without opposition, an amendment providing for a radical and sweeping application of the initiative and referendum. Two Republican legislatures had passed on the amendment, and but one vote had been cast against it the second time.

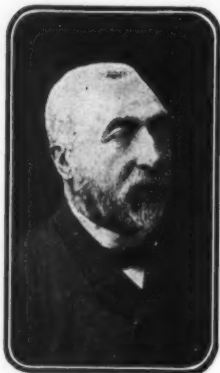
In a preamble to the amendment it is stated that while the form of government remains intact, "the people reserve to themselves power to propose laws and amendments to the constitution, and to enact or reject the same at the polls, independent of the legislative assembly, and also reserve power at their own option to approve or reject at the polls any act of the legislative assembly." This is declared by the enemies of the referendum to constitute an assault on representative government, and the



CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ARCH, RECENTLY UNVEILED AT GREEN LAWN CEMETERY, COLUMBUS, OHIO.



statement is quite correct, except for the sting in the word "assault." The people have the right to increase or diminish the power of their official agents, and all that the referendum means is that the people desire to take more active and direct interest in their own affairs.



M. COMBES.

New Premier of France.

Is this reprehensible? Not if "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" and fidelity and economy.

The provisions of the Oregon amendment are as follows: Whenever eight per cent of the legal voters shall petition for specific legislation, the same shall be submitted to popular vote, and shall become law if approved by a majority of those voting thereon. Any enactment of the legislature may be submitted to popular vote by the assembly acting voluntarily, and must be so submitted when requested by five per cent of the voters. The veto power of the governor shall not extend to laws voted on and approved by the people.

It may be doubted whether any Populistic legislature ever passed a more "advanced" referendum measure. It is a significant sign of the times.

Equally symptomatic is the movement toward what we have described heretofore as "democracy in nominations." The functions of nominating conventions are being restricted steadily and gradually. Massachusetts has a primary election law of considerable scope, but Mississippi enjoys the distinction of being the most democratic state in the Union in respect to popular control of nominations. The political nominating convention has been entirely abolished by law. An act passed last spring provides for the nomination of all state, county, and local officers at the primary elections. Had not Mississippi practically disfranchised the colored citizens, she would now have genuine

majority rule. As it is, assuming the faithful discharge of their political duties by the white voters, she will have the rule of the majority of her white population. Bossism and machine domination have not been made impossible, but it has been made possible for the voters to get rid of these evils.

It should be added that certain American writers are advocating a further step toward democracy in nominations — namely, nomination by petition. This is the plan in Australia and in several European countries. The right of minorities and small groups to place candidates in nomination is obviously incompatible with machine rule, but it logically leads to the French system of second elections or re-balloting. Free nomination means a multiplicity of candidates, and the election of any one by a mere plurality is repugnant to the principle of majority rule.



#### Prohibition versus Interstate Commerce.

Under the supreme court construction of the interstate commerce provision of the constitution, it is extremely difficult for a state to enforce or maintain an effective prohibition act. We have had occasion to refer to the difficulties created by the famous "original package" decision, which so materially limited the right of the states to control or forbid the manufacture and sale of liquor. A case recently passed on by the Supreme Court of Iowa illustrates anew the complexity of the relations between the states and the national government.

The authority of a state, under its police power, to pass and enforce a rigid anti-liquor law is beyond dispute. The question arises as to whether a provision in such a law prohibiting outside dealers, or agents of non-resident dealers, from selling liquor to citizens in the prohibition state (and shipping liquor so sold in original packages) is in conflict with the constitutional clause vesting in congress the power to regulate interstate commerce.

Such a provision is found in the Iowa prohibition law, and the state supreme court has declared it to be invalid under the federal decisions in previous cases involving analo-

gous points of constitutional law. It is frankly stated in the opinion that the reasoning of the highest federal tribunal seems strained and illogical, but the Iowa court of last resort must follow precedent. It says with rather extraordinary candor, in regard to the "original package" and similar doctrines laid down by the United States Supreme Court:

"These holdings, it is needless to observe, render the power of the state to prohibit the traffic in liquors to a large extent nugatory, and leave the agents of non-resident dealers to ply their trade with bootleggers and other resident violators of the law without effective hindrance, but we have only to declare the law as we find it. It is proper to add that all these cases under the authority of which this appeal is disposed of have been decided by a divided court. The dissent of Justices Harlan, Gray, White, Shiras, and Brown is supported by persuasive reasoning and great weight of authority, but whatever we may think of the comparative merits of the arguments employed, we are in duty bound to follow the authoritative pronouncement of the court whose decision upon this and kindred questions is final."

Sound writers have confidently declared that sooner or later the federal tribunal in question would be compelled to reverse itself in this matter, and take the position that it is no infringement upon the power of congress to prohibit shipment of liquor into a state, or the sale of liquor by agents of non-resident dealers to citizens of a prohibition state. The Iowa decision, with its outspoken criticism of the United States Supreme Court, may hasten the anticipated reversal, though it must be admitted that the present tendency is to extend, rather than to contract, federal or congressional power over interstate commerce.

#### Taxing Franchises as Property.

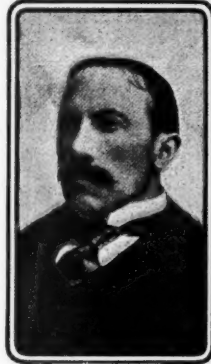
The taxation of special franchises as property is now the established policy of many states, though the public service corporations are still strenuously opposing such taxation on various flimsy grounds. In New York and Illinois the question is before the courts. So far as the former state is concerned, the validity of franchise taxation has been settled beyond successful challenge; only the *rate* of such taxation and the meth-

od of estimating the actual value of franchises are subjects of controversy.

In New York, however, the constitutionality of the law for the taxation of franchises as real estate is still in dispute. The law was passed in 1898, when Mr. Roosevelt was governor of New York, and has added hundreds of millions to the taxable property of the state. Little has been collected under it, the corporations having attacked it as repugnant not only to the state constitution, but also to the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution. They contended that it violated the home-rule principle, inasmuch as the assessments were made by the state board and not by local tax officials; that it impaired the obligation of contracts, and that it was vague, uncertain, unscientific, and dangerous to property rights.

Ex-Judge Earl, as referee, after a prolonged inquiry, recently rendered a decision dismissing all these objections and sustaining the law in whole and as to every part. It is unnecessary to refer here to the more technical aspects of the case, but the general doctrines of the decision are of profound importance. The law, Judge Earl holds, impaired no contracts and confiscated no vested interests. The franchise tax takes away nothing previously granted; its imposition is not an effort to exact more compensation for the franchises than had been stipulated, but one to compel their owners to pay their proper share of the tax burden. When granted they were not taxed, but that fact implied no pledge of permanent exemption. They are property of immense value, and there is no reason for exempting them.

It is not easy to ascertain their value. Various methods of valuation have been suggested, but in New York the state board of



LORD MILNER,  
Appointed Governor of the  
Orange River Colony.

assessors is not required to disclose its mode of determining the actual value of franchises. Referee Earl upholds this discretionary power. He says:

"The assessors were not bound to view these franchises as abstractions apart from any use to which



WOODROW WILSON,  
New President of Princeton University.

they could be put, but they had the right to consider, and as faithful officers were bound to consider, the uses for which they were intended in the streets, and to which they had been actually applied. Suppose what constitutes the special franchise of any one of these corporations should be put in the market for sale? Can it be doubted that it would sell for a substantial price, a sum which business men could determine with sufficient accuracy for business purposes? The assessment is undoubtedly attended with great difficulties, but it can be made with such an

approximation to accuracy as will satisfy all the requirements of the law and the constitution."

Where the assessment is excessive or discriminative the courts may set it aside and order a new assessment, but the burden of proof is on the complaining taxpayer. In Illinois a federal court has undertaken to substitute its own mode of assessing franchises for that of the state law as interpreted by the state courts. This attempt is to be attacked in an appeal to the higher tribunals. It is not the function of federal courts to act as assessors or to improve upon state laws.

#### Tendencies in University Life.

The commencement season naturally calls forth discussion of educational problems and the changes required by the constant adjustment of institutions of learning to the varying conditions of existence. It is a time for stock-taking, review, and orientation. This year speculation was especially active owing to the sudden withdrawal of Dr. Patton from the presidency of Princeton and the noteworthy action which followed it. For the first time in its history, Princeton has called

a layman, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, professor of jurisprudence and political science, to the seat invariably occupied heretofore by a divine or theologian.

No American university has been more closely identified with conservatism than Princeton, and while Dr. Patton's resignation has been attributed to personal reasons and, in part, to friction among the trustees and faculty, the election of Dr. Wilson has a deeper significance. In the words of one commentator: "Princeton at last joins the ranks of the great American universities, Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, which have passed from the clerical influence, if not domination, of their early days. It is not likely to return. The secularization of our collegiate education grows steadily more complete." The tendency toward lay college presidents is strikingly exhibited by the *Chicago Tribune* in the following survey:

"There is now Hadley of Yale, who is a political economist; there is Eliot of Harvard, who used to be a mathematician and a chemist before he took to administering a university; there is Butler of Columbia, who was a student of philosophy and pedagogy; there is James of Northwestern, another political economist; there is Angell of Michigan, whose academic specialty was modern European literature; there is Northrop of Minnesota, a lawyer; there is Jordan of Leland Stanford, a zoologist; there is Wheeler of California, a Grecian; there is Schurman of Cornell, a philosopher; there is Remsen of Johns Hopkins, a chemist; there is Hall of Clark, a psychologist; and so on. Faunce of Brown is a minister, and Harper of Chicago used to be a professor of Hebrew in a theological seminary. These men are at present the most notable exceptions to a general rule.

The last statement is altogether too sweeping in view of the list of eminently successful clerical college presidents which any one can readily bring to mind: Tucker of Dartmouth, Hyde of Bowdoin, Harris of Amherst, Raymond of Wesleyan, Day of Syracuse, Bashford of Ohio Wesleyan, the late John Henry Barrows of Oberlin, Thwing of Western Reserve, Andrews of Nebraska, etc. Nevertheless the tendency is noteworthy. What does it imply or denote? What other changes will it bring? Will secularization lower the tone of the colleges? Will their cultural mission be subordinated

to utility and the "practical requirements of the age?" There are those who assert that university ideals unfit men for the work of the world, and, strangely enough, professors have avowed some sympathy with this view. Yet modern educational standards are by no means exalted, and it is not easy to see wherein the university outlook hampers graduates who have to enter professional or commercial activity.

Colleges continually adapt themselves to the ideas and needs of the time. There are doubtless unsolved educational problems, as there were at any previous period and as there will be at any period in the future. The *New York Tribune* says, in this connection:

"The place of the college—that is, of higher liberal training as distinguished from academic work on the one hand and technical work on the other—is all unsettled. It is the greatest of our educational problems; for on its satisfactory solution depends the production of students technically trained for professions, who are at once cultivated men, not mere specialists, and who at the same time are graduated for practical work at a reasonably early age. What ballast can be best thrown overboard? What cargo is precious enough to keep? What method will best use the school period to inculcate the highest culture and character together with the greatest practical working power? These are the unsolved questions of the universities."

It is important to note that President

Hadley of Yale firmly opposes the recently adopted policy of requiring a bachelor's degree as a condition of admission into the university schools of law or medicine. Such a degree insures maturity of mind, but it is nevertheless a serious mistake, according to President Hadley, to insist upon it as a prerequisite. His reasons are set forth in his annual report, from which we quote:

"Each increase of human knowledge makes it harder for the young professional man to prove to the satisfaction of the public that he

possesses the necessary share of this knowledge. But we have our choice whether we shall increase this difficulty by requiring a long course of study, or shall try to minimize it by putting the opportunity for such study within reach of the graduates of our high schools as soon as they are qualified to enter thereon. If we adopt the former system, as so many of our universities are now tending to do, we enhance the artificial difficulties which are already great enough at best, and tend to make the professions of law and medicine places for the sons of rich men only."



CHARLES W. ELIOT,  
Elected President of the National  
Educational Association.



HE SHADOWS THEM ALL.

The trusts in politics as elsewhere bid fair to be the whole thing.

—*Minneapolis Journal*.

The usefulness of universities is measured by the amount of public service they perform, and when they become undemocratic or exclusive they endanger their influence on society. This truth has been emphasized by several distinguished commencement orators, and applied to the graduates as well. The educated man is bound to be a better citizen, a better workman, a better man in all relations of life; if he is not, he has betrayed a trust and abused his privileges.



#### The Anti-Trust Crusade.

There have been interesting developments in the government's campaign against trusts or combinations in restraint of trade. Judge Grosscup, of the federal circuit court, has granted a temporary injunction against the six big meat packing companies, restraining



them from agreeing to fix prices, restrict shipments, and otherwise attempting to monopolize any part of the trade in fresh meats. The defendants failed to resist the application, reserving the right to demur to or answer the government's bill at any time



JOHN MITCHELL,  
President United Mine  
Workers of America.

during the pendency of the temporary order. Little evidence was presented in court, but it is known that the Department of Justice was fully prepared to substantiate the allegations of its bill. Whether the acts of the packers in doing away with competition in buying cattle and selling their products come within the prohibitions or the purview of the federal anti-trust law, is a question upon which legal opinions differ. But the arrangement alleged to have existed between the packers and the railroads for the payment to the former of rebates upon their shipments is manifestly a violation of the law.

Meantime the attention of the government has been called to the operations of another powerful combination—that of the anthracite mine owners and coal-carrying railroads that have acquired the greater part of the coal fields. The public has long been certain of the existence of a coal trust, and has complained bitterly of the arbitrary manipulation of the prices of anthracite coal. There have been demands for a government investigation, and these have received strong support from the recent report of the congressional industrial commission. That body has declared that the output of coal and the selling price were alike fixed by agreement, and that “competition between either the producers of anthracite coal or the railroads that transport their product can no longer be regarded as of the slightest effect,” it having “disappeared apparently once and for all.”

It is clearly impossible for the government to attack one or a few combinations while extending immunity to all the rest. In the enforcement of the trust act and the interstate commerce act there can be no legal discrimination, and the duty of the executive department of the government is as plain and unmistakable in one case as it is in another. Correspondents at Washington who profess to speak for the administration say that the anthracite coal combination is too powerful and too closely allied with Wall Street to be called to account even by a strong and strenuous president, and that the movement against the illegal trusts will not be carried further than the present point. It is difficult to imagine a more paradoxical and dubious “defense” of the administration. Its worst partisan enemies could hardly say anything more damaging. But there is no reason to suppose that these gratuitous explanations correctly state the president's position. The law will doubtless be impartially applied, and in any given “trust” case the question is simply as to the sufficiency of the evidence available for criminal prosecution or injunction proceedings.

In some quarters the somewhat unexpected anti-trust campaign has led to the demand for the repeal or modification of the Sherman act. One senator has called it “ancient,” though it is hardly twelve years old. The argument is by no means unfamiliar. Combination is inevitable; agreements with regard to prices, production, and division of markets are not necessarily oppressive and unreasonable, and sometimes actually necessary to prevent “cut-throat competition” and ruinous waste; the old notions concerning restraint of trade are inapplicable to the conditions of this age—an age of coöperation and consolidation; finally, since labor is permitted to organize, fix the price of its services, and enforce its demands even by concerted strikes, picketing, etc., it is unjust and un-American to deny to capital the same right of combination for the regulation of prices and output.

Thus runs the argument against the policy of the Sherman act. That there is some

plausibility and even force in it few will deny. But the same logic will justify an assault on every state law against trusts, and on every attempt to apply common-law principles to present industrial conditions. Are all anti-trust laws to be repealed? If so, what will protect the consumers, the masses of the people, from extortion, abuse of monopolistic power, and short-sighted selfishness? Are all the consumers to be left absolutely without protection?

It may be remarked incidentally that no political party, no platform, no public man seeking election or reelection has ventured to propose the repeal of all anti-trust laws. In politics the popular thing is the advocacy of stricter and more effective anti-trust legislation. Still, corporate and financial interests will no doubt initiate an agitation in the opposite direction.



#### Progress of Compulsory Arbitration.

In the United States public sentiment is still firmly opposed to compulsory arbitration, notwithstanding the number and gravity of the industrial disturbances from which the country has been suffering. The "third party," the public, vitally interested as it is in maintaining industrial peace, since strikes entail high prices, scarcity, and hardship,

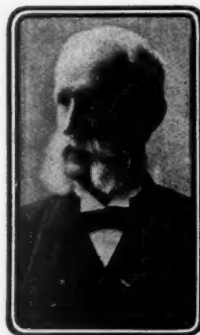
makes no demand for the recognition of its claims, and submits for the sake of the principle of free contract and free industry. Here and there we see signs of dissatisfaction with the established policy, but compulsory arbitration has few advocates.

It is significant that the Liberal government of Canada, disregarding the theory and practise of the United States (whose influence is potent in the Dominion), has followed the example of its sister colonies in Australasia and taken a step toward compulsory arbitration. A bill has been offered in the Canadian Commons prohibiting

strikes and lockouts on steam and electric railroads, not excepting the lines owned by the government. The object was to educate the people and familiarize them with the principle of compulsory arbitration, and at the next session an attempt may be made to pass the bill. It is radical within the sphere to which it is, by its terms, made applicable.

Why the bill is not made to cover all public utilities—that is, all industries based on franchises and privileges—is not explained. Between such utilities and competitive industry generally there is a natural distinction, for to the former category the public contributes valuable assets (streets, the power of eminent domain, legal monopoly, etc.), whereas in the case of the latter and wider category it furnishes nothing except police and judicial protection. Between railroads and telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric lighting industries there is no natural distinction as regards principle, and it is not easy to see why compulsory arbitration should be prescribed by law for railroads of all kinds and not for the other public utilities enumerated.

But passing this question over, the bill proposed by the Laurier government is impor-



JOHN W. FOSTER,  
Chairman Lake Mohonk  
Conference on International Arbitration.



DISCRIMINATION.

YOUNG AMERICA to LITTLE CUBA.—"Don't you wish you were an infant industry?"

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

tant intrinsically as well as a symptom. It provides for a Dominion arbitration board, to deal with inter-provincial lines, and for seven provincial boards. The latter are to consist each of three members, one to be chosen by the railway companies, one by



THE LATE WILLIAM TAYLOR.  
Missionary Bishop of the  
Methodist Episcopal  
Church.

their employees, and the third by the other two members, or if they cannot agree, by the governor in council. The Dominion board is to be composed of five members, two elected by the railway members of the seven provincial boards, two by the employees' representatives and the fifth by the other four or by the government. Each railway in a province has as many votes as the number of its employees. Each employee has one vote. Elections are to be held every three years. Awards are to be current for one year, or until superseded by another award of the same arbitrators. The decisions of these boards are to be final, no court being given the power to review, quash, or amend awards.

It is not unlikely that even in this country contracts between cities and public ownership corporations will before long include provisions for the arbitration of disputes with the employees of the franchise-owning companies. The right to impose such a condition is undeniable, and the question of its expediency is answered more and more in the affirmative.



#### Israelite Alliance.

There is tremendous activity among the Jews in America. A part of this activity has merely benevolent aims behind it, but most of it is due to religious zeal. An Israelite Alliance has been formed to induce, if possible, the United States government to interpose in behalf of Jews in Russia, as it

did four years ago in behalf of the people of Cuba. The ancient friendship of Russia is to be presumed upon to gain a favor. There is to be an effort made at Basle in August to have the Zionist Conference of the world meet in America in 1903. This conference was originally named for Munich, but so much local feeling sprang up in that South German anti-Semitic city that all conferences thus far have been held in Basle. The Zionist movement is making steady progress in this country. The question of a Sunday instead of a Saturday Sabbath was discussed by the last meeting of the National Conference of Jewish Rabbis, and made no end of talk among the Jews of the country. The leaders of the latter say the rabbis should not have discussed such an impossible topic, and that Judaism cannot be Judaism without a Saturday Sabbath, but all the same the agitation will not cease. Finally the new movement among students for a larger knowledge of that Judaism that gave Christianity its Christ is most marked, and few men have been more warmly welcomed to America than Dr. Solomon Schechter, the new president of the Jewish Theological Seminary who recently arrived.



#### Money for Missionary Bishops.

The axiom, obtaining among Episcopalians, that a new missionary bishop can always be counted upon to raise up his own financial support was well proven by Bishop Brent who was elected to the Philippines last October, and sailed for Manila a few weeks since with nearly \$300,000. This money is for the endowment of the episcopate, the erection of a cathedral, bishop's residence, seminary and preparatory school. It seems to fall naturally to the Episcopalians to provide in Manila, Havana, and San Juan places of public worship for the English-speaking, and especially the official classes. A bishop of Porto Rico is about to be consecrated, and to return to San Juan to become the head of a movement attended and supported by the foreign population. In Havana there has been less accomplished, but progress is soon to be made there, it is said.



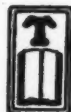
## THE BARONS OF GEMPERLEIN.

BY MARIE VON EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

(Author of "The Child of the Parish," "Beyond Atonement," "The Two Countesses.")

TRANSLATED BY CATHERINE TALMAGE.

### CHAPTER I.



HE family of Gemperlein is a noble and very old one. Its varied fortunes are woven most closely with those of the Fatherland. Many a time it has prospered gloriously, and many a time has fallen into misfortune and poverty. The members of the house themselves have been to blame for the rapid changes. Never did nature create a patient Gemperlein; never one but could justly have adopted the surname of the "Fighter." This strong family trait was common to all; whereas there are no sharper contrasts than those exhibited by the different Gemperlein generations in regard to their political convictions. While some passed their lives with the sword in hand to prove their devotion to the ancestral ruler and to seal it with their blood till the last drop was shed, others constituted themselves champions of revolt and died as heroes for the cause, as enemies of the ruling powers and as fierce contemners of subjection.

The loyal Gemperleins were raised to honor and dignity and invested with lands; the rebellious, for their no less energetic resistance, were banished and declared to have forfeited their goods.

So it came to pass that this old house, like many another, could not rejoice in an ancestral estate transmitted since time immemorial from father to son.

At the close of the eighteenth century there was a baron, Peter von Gemperlein, the first of his warlike race, who had served as an officer in the civil service, and, in the evening of his life, obtained a fine estate in one of the most flourishing districts of Austria. There at a very advanced age he ended his days, at peace with God and the world.

He left behind him two sons, the Barons Frederic and Louis.

In these last two scions, the Gemperlein nature (which in the father seemed to have belied itself) was its old self again. They brought to light, as had never happened before in one and the same generation, both types of the house, the feudal and the radical Gemperlein. Frederic, the elder, according to his inclination was educated for the army, at the military academy at New Vienna. Louis, in his eighteenth year, entered the University of Göttingen, and returned home in his twenty-second, with a big scar on his face, and the idea of a world-republic in his heart.

Fifteen years of a fruitless struggle carried on with vigor and boldness, caused the brothers to perceive that the world had nothing in store for them, that Frederic's time was past, and Louis's not yet come. The former laid down his sword again, tired of serving a monarch who wished to live in peace with his people. The latter turned away in anger from a people, who, willing and content, bowed the neck under the yoke of authority.

Frederic and Louis settled at the same time on their estate, Wlastowitz, and devoted themselves with love and enthusiasm to its cultivation. Although the barons differed from each other as yes from no, they resembled one another in one cardinal point, in the unspeakable devotion they conceived for their dear country abode.

No tender father ever spoke the name of his only daughter in more melting tones than they were accustomed to pronounce the name "Wlastowitz." Wlastowitz was to them the sum and substance of everything good

and beautiful. No sacrifice was too great for Wlastowitz, no praise exhaustive. Each said "My Wlastowitz," and each would have taken it ill of the other had he not so designated it.

Soon after their arrival, the brothers had determined to divide the paternal inheritance into two equal portions. The castle with its appurtenances, should remain in the possession of Frederic, who in return agreed to let Louis erect in the midst of his territory the block-house in which he intended to live and die, at the head of the family which he expected to establish.

The division was many times and warmly discussed, but really to carry it into effect seemed to require long deliberation. One can make such a resolution with comparative ease, but its execution is gladly postponed from year to year. Which piece, which little strip of land, which clod, even, of the dear earth was either of the brothers to relinquish? It would cut to the heart either of them to divide into two imperfect portions the tract of land which as a whole was perfect and without equal.

Nevertheless, the boundary line between upper and lower Wlastowitz had long been recorded on the official maps of the estate; the plans of Louis's block-house lay well guarded in the archives, and once it happened—but we will not anticipate the inevitable catastrophe of this true family history.

The life which the barons led in the country was regular in the extreme. Both left the castle very early in the morning and rode together, in the summer in the fields; in the winter in the forest. Yet it seldom happened that they returned together. Generally Frederic came first, riding slowly home through the chestnut avenue lying toward the north, with very red cheeks and gleaming eyes. His private attendant of former times and present valet, Anton, received the order, "Serve breakfast," and "for one alone," he would add. Anton went slowly to the kitchen door, waited a few minutes, and then called out suddenly, "Breakfast for the barons!" That was the moment

when Louis came galloping into the castle-yard through the southern gate, his horse covered with sweat and foam, his small, delicate face as yellow as a head of wheat toward the end of June, and a dark cloud on his thoughtful forehead. He entered the dining-room with a commanding air. There sat Frederic, too much absorbed in the *Imperial Vienna Gazette* to be able to notice his brother's entrance. The latter immediately unfolded the *Augsburg Gazette*, holding it with his left hand, while he poured out a cup of tea with his right. They read assiduously, breakfasted hastily, and then smoked very vigorously their Turkish pipes.

The two barons sat opposite each other in their stiff-backed chairs, enveloped from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot with dense smoke, out of which from time to time could be heard a muttered oath or an angry exclamation, as the forerunner of an approaching storm.

Suddenly one or the other would exclaim: "Oh, what a jackass!" and a paper flew under the table. The political debate was begun. Generally it became very warm, and after it had lasted about a quarter of an hour, closed with a mutual "Go to the —."

But there were days in which Louis's especially irritable temper brought a change into the ordinary course of events. He then used language so violent and offensive that Frederic scorned to reply. His open and usually friendly countenance would have an obstinate look, and around his mouth would be an expression of implacable wrath, every hair of his mustache would seem to stand out defiantly; he would get up, seize his hat, call his brown, short-haired terrier, and silently leave the room, his broad back and powerful shoulders somewhat bent, as if he bore a heavy burden.

Louis noticed it all, although he seemingly hardly glanced at him, murmured a few unintelligible words, and read his paper through with all the attention a man can muster who has so nearly lost command of his thoughts.

Soon, however, he arose and began to stride noisily through the room. His expression became more and more severe; he

threw back his head and bit his under lip; his slender form became more and more erect and defiant.

What then did he desire but rest and peace? Here, he had hoped to be a partaker of them. Really, a pretty sort of rest and peace! In order to find them, however, one ought not to be obliged to withdraw into a desert, or bury himself in stupefying seclusion.

"But if it is really true, if you are right, O Seneca; if to live is to wage a warfare, and if there must needs be fighting, then let it be on a worthy field, then let it be in the world where a man belongs, whom fate has blessed with unusual endurance and unusual gifts of mind, or — has punished." Louis went slowly down the steps, his cross, bristly dog following him, barking as he went.

At the gate the baron stopped and looked around on the landscape. Did not the green hills, which enclosed in gentle undulating lines and rather limited horizon the lovely spot, admonish one, "Do not cherish too great ambitions; what we enclose is also a world, however quiet, but yours — Be content to remain in our keeping."

On one of the spurs of the mountains lay the peaceful farm which nourished the fine breed of sheep, the pride of Wlastowitz. Like a miniature castle the little farmhouse stood out, artistic and bright in the midst of stately poplars. The gently sloping hillside near by, only thirty years ago desert land, was now transformed into an orchard, thanks to the faithful father who planted it — truly not for himself, he was not to rest in its shade or rejoice in its fruits — for the sons who, far away from him, pursued their ambitious projects, and — how vainly sought lasting gain, enduring happiness, in their changeful lives.

Now the pear trees stood in the fullness of their strength, the apple and plum trees stretched far and wide their heavily-laden branches, and the delicate, slender cherry trees — what delicious fruit they had borne, large as nuts and juicy as grapes. Yes, it was not the children only who liked the cherries in Wlastowitz.

And the fields all around, in spring a green, in summer a golden sea; but in autumn, more than ever a delight to the eye of the farmer. Yes, the soil of Wlastowitz, plowed, harrowed, and rolled as fine as that of the most carefully tended bed in a flower-garden, as aromatic as Spanish snuff — one could really snuff it — this earth.

Louis's eyes took in with delight all these splendors, and the wrinkles on his forehead relaxed and his angry thoughts gradually became calmer. A short struggle, one more attempt to retain his anger and resentment, then all was over.

"Where is my brother?" he asked the first one he met, and acted on the information received as quickly as possible.

At two o'clock the barons came home from the field, quarreling, of course, but yet together, and seated themselves at table.

Afternoons they devoted to the training of their dogs and horses, made an inspection of their estate, or a part of it, and talked over with their manager, Herr Kurzmichel, the work for the next day.

The day was usually ended by a most violent dispute on religious, political, and social questions. Very much irritated and swearing eternal opposition to each other, the brothers went to bed.

That, upon the whole, aside from the changes which the different seasons of the year, the hunting, the visits in the neighborhood brought with them, was the daily life of the barons of Gemperlein.

It is generally acknowledged that the more regular one's life, the more quickly time flies. Before the brothers were aware, the day came, when Frederic was moved to say: "I should like to know whether there was ever a man who has not remarked that time passes very quickly."

"On the contrary," said Louis, "this truth has been asserted so often that it is quite useless even to mention it."

"Could we believe it, did we not certainly know it," continued Frederic, "that it is now just ten years since we came to Wlastowitz?"

Louis whisked the toes of his dusty boots with his riding-whip, crossed his arms, and gazed with a melancholy air out upon the yellow leaves of the golden ash before which they sat. For it was autumn.

"Ten years—" he said in a low tone, "yes—yes, ten years. If I had married then, when I had a good opportunity—when I was very much loved—"

"When you were very much loved!" repeated Frederic, while he forced himself to keep a straight face.

"Then I should already be the head of a numerous family," Louis went on.

Frederic did not reply, he only laughed quietly to himself. Louis gave him a side-long look.

"There is nothing," he said scornfully, "more stupid than a stupid laugh."

"There is nothing more laughable than a

man who dreams in broad daylight, and sees visions when he has no fever," cried Frederic.

"To the devil with all your ifs and perhaps, your whims and fancies! You are riding a hobby; pray keep to the actual and real."

Now Louis broke out into a shrill laugh. He raised his eyes and clasped hands appealingly to the heavens.

"The real! The actual!" he cried. "He—he speaks of those things, and three years long was in love with a typographical error!"

Frederic looked down, angry and ashamed, and gnawed his mustache. Suddenly he started up. "And you—you—do you then know?" A mysterious word was on his lips. He did not utter it, however, but muttered softly to himself: "The devil take you!"

## CHAPTER II.

In the very first years of their settlement at Wlastowitz the brothers had determined to marry and had even chosen their future wives. Frederic had decided upon a certain Countess Josephe, daughter of the Right Honorable Charles, Count of Einzelnau-Kwalnow, and Elizabeth, Countess of Einzelnau-Kwalnow, born Baroness of Ezernahlava, Lady of the Order of the Star and Cross.

Louis, on the other hand, who had long since made up his mind that in spite of his dislike for celibacy, he would rather remain single all his days than marry an aristocratic lady, formed the resolution of making Lina Apelblüh, a merchant's daughter in the neighboring town, his wife and the mother of a large number of republican Gemperleins. It cannot be alleged that the acquaintance which the brothers had made with their future wives was of a very intimate nature.

Frederic had met his intended in the genealogical almanac of noble families, and knew but little about her, but that little with certainty.

She lived in Silesia, on her father's estate, comprising eleven thousand acres, was twenty-three years old, had five brothers, of whom

the eldest was thirteen, and she confessed the Catholic faith.

Frederic followed the history of the life of his chosen one with affectionate interest through three years' editions of the Almanac, and grew strong in his determination to journey, in due time, to Silesia and present himself to the Count of Einzelnau as a suitor animated with the sincerest intentions for the hand of his daughter, the Countess Josephe.

Louis, however, not only knew Fräulein Lina by sight, but he had even spoken with her when she had come to visit the wife of the manager, Herr Kurzmittel. "How do you do?" he had asked the pretty girl, whom he had come upon in the garden as she sat there busied with her embroidery. Lina rose from the bench upon which she was sitting, made the short, quick courtesy of a genuine city girl, who with charming awkwardness showed most naïve self-consciousness, and answered, "Very well, I thank you."

The bright glance of his blue eyes showed her how much pleased he was, and she lowered her brown eyes with a blush.—A pause. "What shall I say now? *Donner und Blitz!*



what shall I say now?" the baron thought, and finally brought out: "The country air is becoming to you." "Oh, I am pretty well in the city, too," answered the girl with a bright smile.

The remembrance of this conversation occupied Baron Louis very often and very agreeably. He gave himself up to it without reserve and decked it out with the most charming additions. The greeting of the pretty girl, her smile, her blush, assumed each day an increasing and, for him, more flattering significance.

One day, it was a Sunday on which the Kurzmichels were dining at the castle, Louis turned suddenly to Frau Kurzmichel, saying: "A very charming girl, your niece; a beautiful, lovely girl."

Frau Kurzmichel had just been listening to the conversation of Frederic and her husband about the impending sheep-shearing, with that appreciative interest for practical things to which she owed, above all, her reputation for being an exceedingly clever woman. She needed a few moments to turn her thoughts in the new direction that Louis's unexpected remark had indicated. As soon as she had succeeded in this, an expression of gentle benevolence spread over her large, dignified face. She shook her curls—which, inseparable from her Sunday cap, were put on with it—approvingly and said:

"She is a good girl, well brought up, and domestic, I must say."

This praise from a lady so strict in her ideas was a testimony of inestimable worth. Louis, however, only answered:

"Is that so?"

But he rubbed his hands in a sort of frenzy, which with him was the sign of the greatest satisfaction—of a genuine transport of delight.

One evening some months later he announced to his brother that he, with a resolution not to be shaken by any drawback, hindrance, or resistance—in fact, anything conquerable on earth, had determined to marry Lina Äpelblüh.

As he pronounced this name, Frederic looked at him with a glance filled with indig-

nation and fierce scorn, but he dropped his eyes again on the book that lay before him. It was his favorite book, "Judas, the Arch-Knave." With his elbows propped on the table and clenched fists pressed against his temples, he continued his reading with passionate attention. Louis had also laid his arms, crossed, on the table. He sat there all humped over and looked sharply and fixedly at his brother. The latter became more and more red in the face; the frown on his forehead became more threatening, but still he continued his reading—and was silent. Then Louis broke out into a shrill laugh, and began to whistle.

"Don't whistle!" cried Frederic, with violence, yet he did not raise his eyes.

"Don't scream!" returned Louis in a loud voice, and continued quickly and in a rude tone: "What have you against my marriage? It is of no consequence to me, but I will know."

Frederic pushed the book away from him.

"I have against your *marriage*—nothing. Marry whom you like; a charwoman, for all I care. Only—" and his face took on an expression of cold-blooded ferocity, while he waved his lifted hand solemnly between himself and his brother—"only each in his own place. There are grades in life. You are drawn toward the lower, I—toward the upper."

"What," Louis interrupted with provoking derision—"what are there in life? Grades?"

Frederic was not to be disconcerted. He continued in the magisterial tone he knew how to assume in decisive moments:

"My wife on this side, yours on that; I will suffer no intercourse. My Josephe will never cross the threshold of a former Äpelblüh."

"I should hope not, indeed!" cried Louis. "Intercourse with a proud aristocrat—no, thank you. My wife shall never suspect that there are fools in the world who consider themselves something great because they can count their ancestors."

"Why can they do that?" interrupted Frederic. "Because these ancestors have

distinguished themselves, and not been swallowed up with the multitude. That is why one can count them."

"All chance," returned the younger Baron of Gemperlein, "that they could distinguish themselves; all chance and the favor of circumstances that the remembrance of their deeds is still kept alive among the people. There are deeds enough. Read history. There are epoch-making events enough, whose originators no one can name. What of the descendants of these men? Can you swear to it that your Anton Schmidt does not descend from the bard who wrote the most beautiful hymns to the gods, or from one of the elective kings of the Goths? Can you swear to that?" he asked, and looked piercingly at his brother.

The latter, a little discomposed, shrugged his shoulders.

"Ridiculous!" he said.

"Ridiculous?" said Louis. "I will tell you what is ridiculous. It is more than ridiculous, it is base to pocket the rewards of the labors of strangers."

"Strangers! Are my ancestors strangers to me?"

"Leave your ancestors in peace!" cried Louis. "Will you then be forever digging your claims upon the dearest thing upon earth—the esteem of mankind—out of the most loathsome, out of decay? Pshaw! it disgusts me." Louis shook himself with abhorrence; then added more quietly, in an almost pleading tone: "Will you never see that there is nothing to bring forward in favor of the order of nobility, except what the statesman Ségur—read history—said in favor of other abuses, 'Their long usage makes them honorable'; or what the Bollandists said in favor of theft—read the 'Lives of the Saints,' only to the forty-fourth volume."

"How far?" cried Frederic, in arms at this crazy suggestion.

"Do you know the price you pay for your ancestral pride? It is called self-esteem. My real worth, upon which alone I can build my good rights, consists in what I am, what I remain when name, rank, and goods are

taken away; all the rest I despise as the gift of blind, unthinking chance!"

Both brothers had sprung up. The elder rushed upon the younger, seized him by the shoulders—

"Whose gift are these shoulders? To whom do you owe this breast, this height which exceeds that of medium-sized men by a head; and that in your breast an honest heart beats, and that in your head ideas dwell—mad ones, truly, but yet ideas. To whom do you owe all these things? Do you get them from chance, or do you have them from your ancestors?"

"I have them from nature."

"Yes, indeed; from the Gemperlein nature," returned Frederic, triumphantly.

"Your sphere of ideas," said Louis, after a slight pause, "has no greater circumference than that of a guinea fowl. There is one fixed point around which you turn, 'like a beast on moorlands lean.'"

"Guinea fowl! Beast!" murmured Frederic. "Please cease with your comparisons from zoölogy."

"The fixed point"—Louis emphasized the word to show how little he regarded the remonstrance of his brother—"by which every jackass can overthrow the world of reason, is called prejudice."

"Louis, Louis!" interrupted his brother, with uplifted hands, "I earnestly entreat you do not tamper with prejudice. Prejudice!" he repeated, and he spoke the word with an indescribable, one might say almost tender expression. "So the churl names politeness, the egotist unselfishness, the knave virtue, the atheist belief in God, the degenerate child veneration for parents. Take away prejudice, you take duty out of the world."

"Stop! that is enough," said Louis, commandingly. "Arguments prove nothing to you; one must resort to facts." He threw back his head, his glance was prophetically directed into space, and with a voice of sublime confidence he said: "My children shall teach you what it is to be brought up with reverence for all that is sacred, but—without prejudice."

"Your children!" cried Frederic. "Let me alone with your children," and he threw about his arms despairingly, as if warding off dense throngs of little unprejudiced Gemperleins who came fluttering toward him on all sides. "Your children dare not cross my threshold. I forbid them my house." Deeply wounded in his somewhat premature paternal pride, Louis turned away. "Children without prejudices," went on Frederic, angrily. "God save me from such monsters!"

"No need to call upon God, you are safe enough," returned his brother, with icy coldness. "One thing, however, is to be understood. The door which is forbidden to my wife and children will never be knocked upon by me. Our ways are separate. Where are the keys of the office?" He brought out the map of Wlastowitz, spread it out on the table, and began to shade heavily the dividing-line, on both sides, which, even as it was, already disfigured the neat sheet, so that it now appeared like a high insurmountable chain of mountains which stood out ruggedly from the level plain, the blooming fields and meadows. Frederic looked on, sad and angry. "So!" muttered Louis every time he dipped in his pen. "That between us. Here you are, here I am. Community is good in heaven, but alas! alas! not on earth. The men of today are not fit for it."

Louis could not decide so quickly in choosing a place on which to erect his block-house as about the dividing-line, which had long since been agreed upon and indicated on the map. Frederic had a valid objection, or one worthy of consideration, against every place he decided upon. Louis finally lost the little patience he still had to lose.

"Now I am tired of it," said he. "It will stand there!" and he designated with a quick and angry movement of his pen the place where his future home should be erected. Alas! a great blot fell like a black tear on the map of Wlastowitz, on the beautiful, admirable map, which, by the direction of their late father himself, had been executed with monk-like diligence by an eminent engineer. Frederic winced, while Louis muttered:

"*Hundert-tausend millionen annerwetter!* The cursed pen!"

The manager, Herr Kurzmichel, was that evening just on the point of retiring, when he was disturbed in his intention by a violent knocking on his front door. There were hasty steps on the wooden staircase, quickly exchanged words. Frau Kurzmichel was already sitting up in bed. The two spouses looked at each other, he a picture of dismay, she a picture of vigilance. Now some one knocked on the door of their room—

"Herr Manager," the maid-servant called, "you are to come to the castle immediately."

"For God's sake, is there a fire?" groaned Herr Kurzmichel, and rushed to the door. But his wife luckily interposed—

"Kurzmichel, you surely will not—you are—in this condition?"

"True, true," returned Herr Kurzmichel, with chattering teeth. He hastened back to his toilet-table, put on his spectacles to be prepared for any emergency, and made convulsive efforts to put his tobacco-box in a pocket which was not to be found.

"Be calm,—in every situation in life, calmness," admonished the wife, who now on her side called out through the closed door: "Is there a fire?"

"No, there's no fire," answered Anton's harsh voice from without, "but the Herr Manager is to come at once to the castle."

Frau Kurzmichel helped her husband into his clothes.

"What can it possibly be? What can it possibly be?" asked the manager, again and again.

Inwardly excited but outwardly calm, as one with a good conscience should be, the great woman answered:

"What should it be? The flannel jacket, Kurzmichel— Who could reproach us for anything? Whatever can happen? We are all right, I think. No, no; I won't let you go out without your flannel jacket."

A quarter of an hour passed. The manager's wife had meanwhile made a cup of tea, and filled the water-bottle with hot water. Herr Kurzmichel must first of all get into bed on his return from the castle.



The tea which his wife forced upon him burned his mouth, and the hot-water bottle the soles of his feet. He complained a little about it, but his healing-skilled better half informed him that it was only the cold which was escaping, that it would do no harm.

"And now, speak," said she. "What has taken place at the castle?"

"Orders, dear wife, orders to begin very early tomorrow morning the construction of Mr. Louis's—"

"Block-house!" interrupted the Frau Manager. Her husband looked at her with astonishment.

"How did you know that?" he asked. The answer which he received was a peculiar one:

"One might really be tempted a little, in spite of all their admirable qualities, which I honor, to call the barons—how shall I name it?" The Frau Manager made a pause before she again opened her thin lips, and uttered the memorable words: "Think of me, Kurzmichel, ten years from now, if you still live, which God grant, think of me. The block-house will never be built. Good-night, husband, turn over and go to sleep. I will not wake you in the morning."

### CHAPTER III.

It is generally admitted that struggles entered upon with such an expenditure of mind, endurance, and spirit as the barons of Gemperlein exhibited, after a while are carried on for their own sake, while the occasion of them gradually loses its significance in the eyes of the valiant disputants. If Frederic were honest with himself he would acknowledge that he would have given a hundred Josephes for one Louis, converted to convictions in accordance with his rank. Louis, on the other hand, confessed to himself that it would be sweeter to hear from his brother one single time, "You are right," than from his Lina, "I love you." Only in very evil hours, when they doubted each other entirely, did they rouse themselves to take decisive steps.

So it happened one day that Frederic had his trunk packed and his departure for Silesia firmly determined upon for the following morning, while Louis was settling in his mind in what way he could best inform Frau Kurzmichel of his feelings for her niece. But in the midst of these preparations an intimation came from heaven in the form of a package of books from Vienna. It contained among other things the latest Gotha Almanac. This reported that on the 30th of August of the present year the old Countess of Einzelnau had died at the Castle of Kwalnow. Frederic was deeply moved over the painful loss Josephé had suffered; and

Louis also, who had no cause to love his future sister-in-law, did not withhold his sympathy in this serious moment.

"Dear, dear!" repeated Frederic six times in succession, and at the same time snapped his fingers energetically. "I only pity my poor Josephé; it is she who will suffer the most by this mournful loss. Upon whom rests now the whole burden of the housekeeping? Who is now the comforter of the father? Who now takes the mother's place with the younger brothers? Who but her, my poor Josephé?" He gave himself up for a time to silent reflections, and then said with dignified resignation: "To disturb her now in the practise of such sacred duties, to go to her now with self-seeking intentions would be no more or less than cruelty. Anton, unpack the trunk," he ordered his servant Anton, who in the next room was on the point of shutting the trunk.

Louis, who meanwhile had been intently studying the Almanac, suddenly cried out:

"Will you tell me what has become of your Josephé? I cannot find her. I find only a Joseph, first lieutenant in the Twelfth Regiment of Dragoons."

"Indeed! What do you know about the Gotha Almanac?" said Frederic, and he took the book from his brother's hand with the conscious look of a judge. He glanced over the place indicated, he read, he gazed, he well-nigh hypnotized it with his eyes,

but—even he found no Josephé. She had vanished and remained so. “What can that—what can that mean?” he asked, in great dismay; and finally answered himself. “It can be only a misprint.” He began his scrutiny anew. “There, the ‘e’ is missing; it should read ‘Josephé,’ not ‘Joseph.’ The title, first lieutenant, etc., belongs to ‘my brother-in-law’—belongs in the following line, and has probably slipped up a line.”

“This brother-in-law,” said Louis, “is only sixteen years old. Can he be already first lieutenant? That would be really strange, in spite of all the influence used in behalf of the lad—very strange. There was once—read history—in the sixteenth century a bishop of Valencia only nineteen years old.”

“Don’t believe all this nonsense,” cried Frederic, angrily.

“Nevertheless, I consider a sixteen-year-old first-lieutenant an impossibility in our time,” returned Louis.

They then began to dispute. But Frederic was absent-minded. He allowed a great many of Louis’s boldest assertions to go unchallenged, and to one of his rashest conclusions he replied:

“It is a misprint. It would be well to inform the editor of it.”

On the very same evening, before retiring, he wrote the following letter:

Dear Editor of the Gotha Almanac:

The undersigned, for long years a reader and admirer of your Almanac, takes the liberty of calling your attention to a painfully perplexing typographical error which has slipped in on page 237 of the present year’s issue. On the line where formerly the name of Countess Josephé stood, now appears, “A First Lieutenant in the Twelfth Regiment of Dragoons” which plainly does not belong there.

Please have the kindness to convince yourself of this fact by consulting the three preceding volumes, and, by return mail, favor me with a much-desired explanation.

I remain, etc.

The explanation desired came in a few days. It ran thus:

DEAR BARON:—

There was no misprint, but a correction. The Count of Einzelnau (who seems to have

given only cursory attention to our publication) did not, until notifying us of the decease of his wife, inform us of the lamentable mistake, which unfortunately has gone through three years’ issue of our Almanac. We beg you, on our part, to go through the earlier issues of the Almanac in which Count Joseph appears as cadet, lieutenant, etc.

Thanking you for your interest, we seize this opportunity to beg you to inform us betimes of every change which may occur in your worthy house.

We remain, etc.

The brothers sat at the breakfast table when the fateful lines arrived. Long after he had read them, Frederic held them before him and gazed at them as a farmer beholds his crop ruined by the hail, or an artist his work which has been destroyed. Louis, who was observing him with impatient perplexity, finally drew the paper out of his trembling, resistless hands, glanced over it, and broke out into a shrill laugh. Suddenly he ceased, however, and begun to busy himself with his *Augsburg Gazette*. Frederic had put away his pipe, crossed his arms over his breast, and cast down his eyes. Large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, the whiteness of which contrasted strongly with his otherwise sun-browned visage. Louis looked at him anxiously, hemmed more and more aggressively, then flung his newspaper more the floor and cried out as though possessed:

“That is just like you! Such a thing could happen only to you—only to you among the millions who inhabit the earth. If I were fool enough to seek my wife in the Gotha Almanac, I would at least do it thoroughly. I would follow her up to the very beginning, to her most remote ancestors; would know her great-great-grandparents—unborn. But you, what you do you can do only in cavalier fashion; that is to say—read history—superficially, thoughtlessly, in a word, stupidly. Thoughtlessness and slothfulness in thinking—that is what it is. You and all your brainless class will be ruined thereby.”

Now Frederic arose, roaring like a lion. The spell of his silence was broken, and in the struggle which ensued he recovered all his strength again.

The downfall of Frederic's air-castles delayed the construction of Louis's secure house. How could one of the brothers think of establishing a comfortable home at the moment when the other stood before the ruins of his domestic happiness?

Louis put off his interview with Frau Kurzmichel to a more favorable season. Not until Frederic's wounded heart should be healed—in three or six months, perhaps—would he pursue with vigor his own love-affairs.

But one thinks only too often that he can decide his own fate, when fate has long since decided concerning him. Louis was to experience the truth of this on the very next Sunday. On that day Frau Kurzmichel appeared at dinner in great state. She had decked herself in her most famous articles of dress—with her brown silk gown, a wedding present from her husband, and yellow silk shawl which had formerly belonged to the wardrobe of the late countess, the barons' mother.

The Frau Manager was accustomed to put on the brown silk on every solemn occasion, but the yellow shawl only when she was in very high spirits.

This was the case today. One could see by her solemnly radiant face, in spite of all the freshness and originality which, as usual, enlivened her conversation, that, like the pyrotechnist, she was reserving her best effort for the conclusion of the entertainment. So, when black coffee was being served amid universal silence, she lifted her voice and said:

"May I be permitted to make a communication to your lordships, which indeed concerns a person of humble and remote connection, but yet known to your lordships, since not long ago she enjoyed the hospitality of magnificent Wlastowitz?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked Frederic. "You mean your niece, Lina Äpelblüh," said Louis, with the prophetic instinct of love.

Frau Kurzmichel bowed assentingly:

"My niece, certainly. No longer Äpelblüh, however, but Klempe, since she married,

three days ago, the notary in K——, Herr Klempe."

Louis started up, and Frederic cried out: "What the devil! Him? That old grumbler?"

"Grumbler!" repeated Frau Kurzmichel. "Grumbler is a somewhat strong expression, Baron. I would scarcely venture to use it. The notary has certainly many *extremities* but is, however, a very excellent man and well-to-do—"

"On that account," interrupted the baron, ironically.

"Not on that account, Baron. For love.

"For love!" screamed Louis.

"For love," repeated Frau Kurzmichel, "of her parents who are without means, and her nine brothers and sisters who are quite unprovided for. She was allowed to take three of them home with her at once. That was her stipulation, otherwise she would have refused him. For, God knows, if she had been permitted to follow the impulse of her heart this would indeed be otherwise. Another—quite another object—" Frau Kurzmichel was agitated, her usual reserve left her, and, carried along by sympathy and emotion, she concluded: "I really ought—it is not right, but now that the sacrifice is accomplished, that all is over, the gates of marriage closed behind her—her heart, Baron, has remained here."

"How? Where? In Wlastowitz?" asked Frederic, perplexed. And Louis arose and left the room.

"But, wife," said the manager, "such private affairs probably have no interest for—"

"Frau Kurzmichel," interrupted Frederic, who had become very serious, "I wish to speak alone with you for a moment."

Frau Kurzmichel blushed and her husband, with his usual discretion and tact, immediately withdrew.

Deep silence reigned for a time in the room. Frederick rubbed his forehead and eyes, pulled his mustache mercilessly, then finally began: "Can you say to me—now?"

"At your service, Baron," said Frau Kurzmichel.

"Well now" — he avoided her eyes — "tell me — don't be embarrassed. Who then, is the object, you know — whom your niece —?"

"Baron, this question —" stammered Frau Kurzmichel, quite terrified by the mysterious importance which Lina Apelblüh's love-affairs seemed to have for the barons.

After another pause, Frederic said, with an unusually soft voice:

"I beg you, do not be embarrassed. Tell me in confidence, Frau Kurzmichel, who is the object you know —?"

"Baron, you have spoken of confidence," returned Frau Kurzmichel, as she leaned forward a little, laying her hands in her lap quite helpless and without further resistance. "If you speak of confidence, it is all over with me; then I can only answer briefly and plainly. It is the clerk of the district magistrate."

"Not my —" The baron had very nearly betrayed himself, in his first astonishment. "Well, well! — the clerk of the district magistrate. So — the clerk of the district magistrate." He felt strange — to tell the truth, glad, but a more troubled gladness one can hardly imagine. He drew a long breath, as if freed from a heavy burden, and at the same time cast a glance of sorrowful tenderness toward the door out of which Louis had just passed. "Frau Kurzmichel," said he, "will you do me a favor?"

"Oh, Baron, whatever there is in the power of an honest woman —"

"I should not address myself to a dishonest one," Frederic interrupted, pushing

his chair nearer to hers, and, with an indescribably kind and true-hearted expression, said: "The favor which I beg is this: If my brother should ask you on whom Fräulein Lina had lost her heart, answer that it is a secret; and, Frau Kurzmichel, die rather than betray it to him. Will you swear that to me, Frau Kurzmichel?"

"I promise it," said the great woman, and she lifted her head like a truly brave soldier in a shower of balls. "A promise is an oath, Baron."

"Why I desire this of you," he returned, "I must — do not be offended — I must always conceal from you."

The manager's wife replied simply and with dignity: "Baron, I do not need to know it."

Frederic gave her his hand with unfeigned admiration. "I believe you. You are good," he cried, rising. "I have always said it, you have something — antique, Frau Kurzmichel, something Roman-like about you."

Frau Kurzmichel bowed and left the room. In her breast endless feelings were raging. Frederic betook himself out into the avenue behind the castle, where his brother, without his hat, was storming up and down gesticulating violently. He received him with the words:

"All is gone! And who is to blame? You! For your sake I have lost my happiness — mine, and that of the girl who loved me so immeasurably."

"That loved you — yes, yes," repeated Frederic. "Poor fellow!" he thought.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The neighbor with whom the barons were the most intimate was Her Excellency, the Frau Chancellor von Siebert, the mistress of Perkowitz. This lady had managed most wisely, for nearly half a century, her estate, the bequest of her departed husband. Left a widow while very young, she had preserved her independence and fidelity to the memory of her dear spouse. She no longer left the dwelling-place, where she had lived several years with him, nor did she marry again,

although she had not wanted opportunities.

Perkowitz formed the eastern boundary of the baronial Gemperlein estate, and pushed a game-cover and three fields like so many wedges into the heart of Wlastowitz. A disagreeable boundary-line. A boundary-line which makes unavoidable friction between neighbors. A dislodged post, a crooked furrow, give occasion even to the most peacefully disposed for discord and rivalry. But just this fact contributed not a little to the



charm of their intercourse, since it lent a piquant interest to it.

Her excellency was a lively old lady of seventy years, sociable as Madame de Fencin, with whom Louis liked to compare her. She feared nothing so much as *ennui*, determined the worth of people according to the degree of homage they offered her, and demanded of everybody the most hearty recognition of her unusual intelligence. On the contrary, unlike her celebrated prototype, she was content with unassuming society, could appreciate a little joke, and did not trouble herself in the least about the vexation of those at whose cost it was made. In general, she did not concern herself much with consideration for others, and shared the old-fashioned notion that "*ein guter Mensch*" was only a polite expression for "a fool."

In the eyes of Frau von Siebert, who was accustomed to consider herself the oracle of the region in agricultural questions, the young barons were only talented amateurs. She laughed over their enthusiasm for Wlastowitz, but at heart was very fond of the "*feindlichen Brüder.*"

It often happened that Frederic and Louis would appear at Perkowitz disputing violently with each other, would kiss the hand of her excellency, greet her companion *Fräulein Rutenstrauch* and Herr Scheber, her secretary, keep on disputing for an hour, and then drive off still quarreling. Frau von Siebert during the whole time poured oil upon the flame, as she cried out first to one and then to the other, "You have him there!" shaking her sides with laughter.

The day on which the brothers had made the discovery that they had been ten years already in Wlastowitz, they paid her excellency a visit. The company had assembled as usual in the drawing-room. The lady of the house sat in the right-hand corner of the sofa, which stood before the round table, Frederic and Louis had seated themselves in two arm-chairs, *Fräulein Rutenstrauch* was winding silk in a bay-window, Secretary Scheber had dropped himself on the edge of a slender-legged stool, in a posture half way between hanging and

sitting, at a respectful distance from her excellency and the barons. He gazed stealthily from time to time at the brothers, and thought, "What will they give us today?" But nothing unusual happened. The brothers were in a tender, melancholy mood.

The remark which Frederic had shortly before made concerning the quick flight of time had left behind a strong impression on his mind and on that of Louis. Both had become suddenly aware of their vanishing youth and deferred happiness, and felt peculiarly moved. Her old excellency swung in vain her little torch of discord. The sparks which usually fell as though they fell into a powder-cask, now fell as into wet grass.

"Does your excellency know," said Frederic, "how long we have lived at Wlastowitz? It is ten years. Yes, we have enjoyed the honor of being your neighbor for ten years!"

"Only ten years?" she returned. "I should have thought that our war was already a thirty-years' war."

"So!" Frederic was considering whether he should take this for flattery or otherwise. "You see, your excellency—it was only a short time ago I remarked to my brother that time really passed very quickly—that I found—that really—the time—yes, the time—" He no longer knew what he was saying; in fact, he kept on speaking mechanically, and then stopped entirely before he found the end of his sentence.

But if his voice failed him, his eyes spoke only the more eloquently. Translated into words they would have said, "Oh, how beautiful! Oh, good heavens, how awfully pretty! One can imagine nothing more beautiful, and there is nothing." The eyes of all present followed the direction of his enraptured glance. In the door which led into the drawing-room stood a tall womanly figure. She was no longer in the first bloom of womanhood, but so truly in the most beautiful that one's heart leaped at the sight of her. She wore a simple white dress; her magnificent chestnut-brown hair, braided in heavy braids, was wound around

her nobly-formed head. In her hand she held a straw hat, gloves, and parasol, and Frederic thought he had never in all his life seen such singularly tasteful—yes, really such exceeding lovely things as this simple little black straw hat, these undressed kid gloves, and this parasol of brown silk. "I had imagined my Josephe like this," he thought. "My Lina might resemble her," thought Louis. Both thought: "No dream could be sweeter. But she has this advantage, that she will not vanish in awaking; that one can see her with open eyes, indeed, can even speak with her."

As her excellency named the barons to her, and then said, "My niece Siebert," she bowed, smiled, and assured them in the most graceful manner that she "was delighted." She seated herself on the sofa by her aunt, in the left corner, near which Frederic's arm-chair stood. The elder baron begun immediately an animated conversation with the beautiful guest, while the younger, thoughtful and silent, gazed on the lady with the deepest admiration. The impression which the appearance of this charming being made upon him was so much the stronger since he experienced it in a moment of inward defenselessness; in a moment of sadness, of repentance, in a word, a moment of weakness. Things sometimes happen in life of so remarkable a character that one must consider them beckonings of fate. Even if one were as wise as Kant, or as enlightened as Voltaire, I should like to see the man who, in the hour in which he is mourning the loss of a good opportunity, should he find one a hundred times better, would not cry out, "Fate! Fate!"

As to Louis, he thought he heard a voice which said to him, "Then you have again happiness, the happiness which you imagined lost, and this time tangible enough. It dwells in Perkowitz—it is the niece of your nearest neighbor!" He envied his brother heartily the eloquence which he displayed. Really one must be limited, to expatiate on a subject so homely to such a wonderful being. It came to pass, however, and with the most charming expressions. Frederic

said: "What delightful weather for September! It is indeed a blessing. The grapes are ripening, the sugar is increasing in the beets"—and at the same time fairly enveloped her with glances of kindness, while he bent so far over her hands, which lay on the table playing with the *suède* gloves, that one might suppose he was about to kiss them. The lady appeared quite conscious of the charm which she exercised. She must have been the *ingénue* of a German comedy not to have noticed it. Yet she did not seem greatly flattered by it; on the contrary rather a little embarrassed, a bit unpleasantly affected.

The one, however, who observed the barons with keen, malicious joy, on whose countenance the expression of wicked triumph played, was no other than her excellency herself. For the present, however, it suited her purpose to conceal her true feelings. She suddenly broke out with her loud, nasal drawl:

"Indeed, what does it mean, my dear Louis? I have asked you three times already whether you have finally sold your wool, and yet no answer. What is then the matter with you both? I don't know what to make of you, I declare. One sits there like Amadis on the "rock of poverty," and the other—Take care, Fritz, you look quite red today—as though you were about to have a fit of apoplexy."

The barons felt as though they had been hurled by a kick out of the seventh heaven onto the earth, and truly upon the most wretched spot of it. At that moment they could have struck the old lady dead. She went on:

"Besides, we have a bone to pick with one another. I would beg you to allow your forester to shoot, at least sometimes, somewhere else than on the boundary."

"Allow!" murmured the brothers. "Your excellency—indeed—"

"Somewhere else than on the boundary!" repeated her excellency, sharply and emphatically. "He patrols day and night along my cover and shoots down whatever appears, buck or roe."

The barons were exasperated. Frederic's eyes gleamed and Louis's shot fire.

"I give my word," said the latter, "that the forester will be dismissed if the matter of the roe is proved."

"He will go," cried her excellency, and stretched her thin hand out commandingly. "The roe was shot the day before yesterday."

"Excellency," replied Frederic, scarcely master of himself any longer, "I have seen the animal myself, it was a buck."

"It was a roe!" her excellency interrupted, with cool malice. And Frederic cried out in a rage:

"That is to say—" he began, but he did not carry out his intention. A glance from his beautiful neighbor transformed his agitation into weakness, his anger into delight. She looked at him, terrified, then whispered, softly and beseechingly

"I beg you, have forbearance with the obstinacy of old age."

"I beg you!" It sounded like heavenly music, captivating and irresistible. He was not only appeased but happy. He bowed to her excellency and said, manfully, and with animation, like a brave martyr:

"If it please your excellency, it *was* a roe."

"Now you are in for it!" said the aunt. The niece, however, put her hands together, as if applauding:

"Bravo! bravo! You are indeed an extremely amiable man, Baron Gemperlein."

"In such company one tries, at least—" said he with good-humored *naïveté*, and, overpowered by his great, easily-excited sympathy, he added: "Do stay with us for a long time, *Fräulein*!"

She raised her head, blushing, with a roughly protesting expression at these words. Her excellency then quickly started the conversation on some new topic, and turning to her guest, said:

"Shall we take coffee in the pavilion, Clara?"

So the brothers learned that the niece of Frau von Siebert was called Clara. Frederic was greatly pleased to hear it. He was not

satisfied, however, with this knowledge, but, crafty as he was, in the course of the evening, by means of information skilfully obtained and questions carefully asked, he succeeded in finding out that Clara was the daughter of the brother-in-law of Frau von Siebert, a colonel in the Saxon service. He rejoiced over the success of his investigation. This time, his brother would not be able to cast in his teeth that he was in love with a phantom. This time, he would begin his preparations for a possible future proposal thoroughly, practically, judiciously.

The pavilion in which coffee was served stood upon a height opposite the one from which the Castle Wlastowitz overlooked the region. Clara declared that it was an exceedingly beautiful situation, and that the castle with its white chimneys and lofty French roof looked very pleasant—indeed, one might say, imposing. Frederic, quite delighted, said it had often seemed so to him. Upon the whole, Wlastowitz was a residence which really left nothing to be desired—one thing, indeed, excepted—one indeed long-sought—not found—one thing still wanting.

"Stop!" said Clara, "let me advise you."

"Yes, yes! do advise me," he repeated, and looked at her tenderly and expectantly.

"It would take much cleverness to guess what is wanting!" said the Frau Chancellor, dryly. "You need a mistress of the house; that all the world knows."

Clara declared that she would never have thought of that. She laughed and joked, and Frederic, laughing innocently with her, did not observe the looks of intelligence which aunt and niece exchanged.

Louis's face had darkened. He was ashamed of his brother. It was all he could do not to call out to him, "They are laughing at you." That, however, would not possibly do. So he said, in a reproachful tone to Clara:

"You have a very lively disposition."

She lowered her eyes and suddenly looked quite troubled. It was not till after a short pause that she answered:



"Yes."

Only "yes," but in the one word, was expressed the frankest confession, the most lovable repentance. Louis felt himself disarmed, and added in a more friendly tone:

"You are to be congratulated."

"Am I not?" said she. "It is well to belong to people who thank God that he has placed the brightest light against the deepest shadows."

A quotation not exactly new but quite charmingly used. He had to express his appreciation. She found a ready answer, and the high opinion which he had formed of her at first sight was again restored. How very differently did this heavenly being talk with him than with his brother! How well she knew with whom she had to do! How intelligently she entered into his able discussions! He proved to her the confidence which her intelligence had infused by touching upon the deepest questions by which his mind was occupied. He laid down three cardinal points of his convictions: First, the only ethical form of government is the republic. Second, there is no individual existence after death. Third, the mother of all evil that has ever come into the world is imagination.

Frederic moved back and forth on his seat in painful embarrassment. "This Louis—such a clever man," he thought. "But he

has not the slightest idea how one ought to converse with women. One is sorry, really sorry for him."

The Frau Chancellor asked, loudly, what time it was. Her companion and secretary were concealing a yawn. It began to grow dark and the company went back to the house. The lights were already burning in the dining-room, and a servant came up to her excellency asking for how many people covers should be laid.

"Covers! Why?" the lady of the house interrupted him. And then turned with unconcealed impatience to the barons, "Are you going to remain to supper too?"

They did not understand her, and assured her with one voice that they could not resist such a kind invitation.

"Now the joke has lasted long enough," said her excellency to Fräulein Rutenstrauch, so loud that the latter, quite frightened, cast a meaning glance toward the barons. Unnecessary caution! They saw and heard only the beautiful Clara. The supper was brought on and carried away again, but the pertinacious guests did not stir. The Frau Chancellor finally gave the order to announce the barons' carriage which had long been in readiness. Then they awoke, as out of a dream, and took leave—both in love to an extent which they had never before had an idea that one could be.

## CHAPTER V.

For the first time in ten years the brothers passed a sleepless night. On the following day the morning ride was omitted for the first time, and each breakfasted alone in his own room, afterward strolling by himself through woods and fields.

They did not come home at noon to luncheon, which fact plunged Anton Schmidt nearly into despair, and the cook was so excited that she poured gravy instead of chocolate-frosting over her cakes, and threatened the kitchen-maid with instant dismissal when she ventured to laugh over her mistake. Frau Kurzmichel, who was informed of all that took place in the castle,

passed the day in trouble and anxiety and did not know what reply to make to the questions of her husband, continually repeated, "What is to be done? Where shall we begin?" In the face of such an unheard-of occurrence even the greatest mind was paralyzed.

In the evening toward eight o'clock, Herr Kurzmichel went to the castle to make his usual report. It was as still inside as if it were inhabited by mice. Anton had set out in the greatest anxiety to look for his master. The rest of the servants sat whispering and buzzing around the warm hearth in the brightly-lighted kitchen.

Kurzmittel first prudently walked through the whole suite of rooms. Everything was empty, desolate, and uncannily dark. The old man finally seated himself on the dark leather sofa in the ante-room with his account book under his arm.

Opposite him, through the large window, the evening star shone peacefully in, while the light-gray mist rose up slowly from the meadows in the valley and gradually lost itself in the dense wreath-like cloud which lay immovable over the mountains. Kurzmittel began to meditate on all the things which might happen to the barons, and terrible possibilities presented themselves. Perhaps an accident had happened to both — perhaps only to one of them — perhaps to one through the other.

Kurzmittel had feared it a thousand times, with their temperaments, with their eagerness for strife which was never at rest. Perhaps the worst had happened, and now one of the brothers — No, the thought was not to be considered. Kurzmittel endeavored to appease the dreadful images which forced themselves upon him by a peaceful occupation of his mind, and began half aloud to say over the multiplication table. At the same time he listened with feverish excitement in the direction of the stairs.

Finally it seemed to him that he heard steps upon them. They came slowly up. The door of the ante-room was opened to admit an imposing form, and the voice of Baron Frederic spoke:

"Who is here? And why do you not light the lamp, you jackass!"

The manager did not feel offended by the appellation, for his master evidently took him for the servant. Still he could not help thinking that the barons should use this expression, mortifying to every person, less often.

"It is I, your highness," he said. "I have come to make my report." An inarticulate sound — the word "report," muttered in a tone which intimated something monstrous, unheard-of. Frederic snapped at Herr Kurzmittel:

"Speak with my brother!" and passed

by him into the salon, the door of which he slammed violently behind him.

"With my brother!" Kurzmittel brightened somewhat, and drew a deep breath. And when the house-servant rushed in with the burning taper to light the hanging-lamp, then hastened away to light the remaining, the manager struck himself on the forehead as if he would punish it for the foolish ideas which it had just cherished.

Again the door rattled on its hinges, and Baron Louis entered. He carried his head as high and proudly as ever, had both hands stuck in the pockets of his long overcoat, and he passed by Herr Kurzmittel in just as absent a manner as Frederic had shown.

"I have come to make my report," said the manager.

"Speak with my brother!" said Louis, irritably, without stopping or looking at him, and he slammed the salon door even harder than Frederic had done.

Herr Kurzmittel knew the rough manners of his masters but was, however, wounded in his feelings by them. After he went home he declared to his wife that one need not call a disagreeable thing agreeable because it happened every day. The excellent woman allowed the justice of this remark to pass, and gave her husband the best consolation which one can give — she pitied him.

The barons took their supper silently and hastily. Afterward they lighted their cigars, both pushed their chairs away from the table, turned to one another not exactly their backs, but at least their sides, and stared obstinately into space. Frederic was the first who uttered a sound. He began to murmur:

"Sie-bert — Siebert! — Clara Siebert!"

"What!" demanded Louis.

"Good family," continued Frederic.

"Belongs to the old nobility of Saxony," Louis answered, with an incredibly gentle voice.

"How do you know that?"

His brother looked at him carelessly:

"It is my conviction," he answered.

"I believe you are mistaken," said Louis, as gently as before. "The Sieberts are commoners — patent-nobility, you know,

doesn't count in your eyes—quite commoners."

"I don't care!" cried Frederic, as he straightened himself up and struck the table violently with his fist. A long pause ensued. But at last Louis spoke with adorable calmness, but breathing heavily:

"You are in love. I am also." Frederic nodded his head in bitter assent. The words did not surprise him; they were only the confirmation of a misfortune already known. "What is admitted to be a fact," continued Louis, "one must have the courage to face, *nicht wahr?*"

"*Wahr*," was the answer. "But only one can marry her."

"*Auch wahr*. Then, brother—" Louis arose, pressed the knuckles of his clinched hand upon the table and seemed bracing himself to continue. But Frederic prevented him from carrying out his design by breaking in:

"Dear brother, that which is understood of itself does not need any explanation."

"Then that is settled. Listen—can you listen patiently to more facts?" asked Louis.

"I will see. Go on."

"One only can marry her. But now comes the question: Which of us?"

"That is true." Frederic also arose, ran both hands through his hair, and sat down again.

"I asked which one of us," said Louis. "The answer to this question is the simplest in the world, and is this: The one which she herself decides upon. We will leave the choice to her."

"To her!—the choice? To her—the choice? Do you not think, dear brother, that she will choose the one who presses his suit the most earnestly; the one who first offers her his hand?"

"I believe, dear brother, she will choose the one who pleases her the best. What is the use of pressing one's suit? If the one who does not please her sues for her hand, then she will refuse him—then she will refuse him," he repeated, thoughtfully.

When the brothers had driven away from Perkowitz the day before, Louis had taken away the conviction that he had made a very

favorable impression upon Clara. In the sleepless night, however, and the lonely day passed as in a dream, all sorts of doubts had risen in his mind. That she had recognized his intellectual superiority over his brother he was firmly convinced. But could not just this superiority have a chilling effect upon her? Could not Frederic's simple and inoffensive character be, perhaps, more sympathetic than his stern, unyielding nature? Had she not said to herself, perhaps, "I could be the wife of this one, but that one I could rule"? And who knows? Perhaps she belongs to those women—there are such—who would rather rule than be ruled. So the proposal which he made his brother to let Clara decide between them, came from a perfectly honest heart; from the honest wish to make an end in one way or another to the tormenting uncertainty in which they found themselves.

Frederic, however, hesitated to give his assent. He knew beforehand the answer which Clara would give if the choice were freely left to her. It seemed to him false, faithless, deceitful to expose the poor devil Louis to certain disappointment and humiliation. On the other hand, if one repeated to him ever so often, "She will not take you," would he believe it? A hard struggle began within. He would have given all the world to find another way out of the difficulty, but however much he labored he found none. So he was silent; the more obstinately so, the more earnestly and stubbornly Louis urged him either to accept his proposal or make a better one.

As he sat there, so gloomy, silent, and distressed, his dog came up, laid his head on his knee, and began to whine. "Get out!" cried Frederic, and as the animal did not obey at once he gave him a harsh kick. The dog uttered a short, quick howl and lay down by the window corner. Shivering and from time to time whining softly, he gazed at Frederic continually with loving, begging eyes, and drummed upon the floor with his hard tail whenever he succeeded in snatching a glance from his master. Frederic muttered, "Spoiled beast!" arose, brought a

pillow from the sofa and threw it at the dog, who immediately pushed it into the corner with his nose and lay down upon it.

Louis started up suddenly. "Good heavens! Here I have been talking to this man for half an hour—it concerns the happiness of his whole life, as well as mine—and this man—plays with his dog!"

Now Frederic blazed up. "Have it as you will. She may choose, for all I care, but when the choice shall be made whoever complains will be a coward—"

"A contemptible coward!" Louis said, improving on the epithet. "One of us will marry her, the other must get on as he can. That is his affair; it does not trouble me."

"Still less me! Just make a note of that," said Frederic.

The barons exchanged bitter glances, and then rushed out of the room in opposite directions. However angry they might be, still they felt it to be a deliverance to have unburdened their hearts from the distressing torment of uncertainty.

## CHAPTER VI.

The next day as the brothers had just returned from their morning ride the manager came to see them. He informed them that the beadle of the magistrate's court in Perkowitz had just left a letter addressed to Baron Frederic.

"Letter!" Frederic interrupted him—"from Perkowitz. When?"

Kurzmittel gave him a neat, delicately folded note, and begged to be allowed to take this opportunity to make the report which was due yesterday. But the baron did not listen to him. He had hastily broken open the little letter, looked in all his pockets for his eye-glasses in the greatest excitement. Alas! for a year, sad to relate, he had not been able to read without glasses; and, since he did not find them, rushed up to his room with great strides.

"From whom—the letter?" asked Louis, gloomily. "From her excellency—from her excellency?" and Louis hastened after his brother.

"An invitation," he called to the latter—"a luncheon gotten up in honor of her niece and ourselves in the forest pavilion—for *Rendezvous* of her niece and ourselves. Do you understand—and ourselves?"

"Aha!" said Louis, and took the note out of his brother's hand. The concluding lines of it were more noteworthy than the beginning, only Frederic in his tumultuous joy had not seen them. "We have an acknowledgment to make to you; then we will drink coffee to good friendship in the future."

"Is that really there?" Frederic shouted, and hopped around the room like a happy child. The barons did not complain on this day of the quick flight of time. For an hour long both waited in front of the castle for the carriage which was ordered for three o'clock. Punctually at this time the equipage drove into the courtyard, a light phaeton with brown horses, which the coachman guided from the back seat. As soon as Frederic saw the horses he frowned.

"The Hannaken?" he asked. "Who ordered the Hannaken to be put in?"

"I did," answered Louis, swinging himself upon the raised coachman's seat and seizing the reins. "Get in; do get in!"

But Frederic remained standing by the side of the horses and looked them over with malignant glances.

"You will make a fine show with those!" he said.

The brown horses had been, for several months, the occasion of lively discussions between the barons. Louis, who, as Frederic said, understood as much about horses as a cooper about lace-making, had bought them of a farmer without consulting his brother. When, full of pride over his successful choice, he had had them driven before his brother, the latter called out from a distance:

"They are of no account—common!"

"What is common? Nothing is common but pride. They have good points—fine shape," returned Louis.



"Good points, but no blood. And not even good points; legs like spiders', drooping croup, roe-necks. They are worthless nags."

Louis had taken immense pains with the horses, had kept them in straw up to their necks, stuffed them with oats, lunged, trained, and broken to the harness—all in vain. They were and remained miserable beasts; lazy when setting out from home, eager when returning; skittish, nervous, and unreliable—in a word, good for nothing. But Louis's heart was set on them; they pleased him, and because he hoped that they would please Fräulein Clara also, he had had them put in today.

"Do get in!" he repeated; and in spite of the strongest reluctance, Frederic concluded to do so. It was difficult enough for him to do it. On an occasion in which one would like to show one's self in the best light, in which everything about one should bear the stamp of respectability and genuine worth—to drive up with such a pair—it was hard indeed! But he did it, he yielded. Louis, poor fellow, over whom impended, probably in the next hour, the bitterest disappointment, was to be pitied; and he gave in to his childish fancies.

They went through the village. In spite of Frederic's earnest warning, on the other side of it Louis left the main road and took the road across the fields. This was as bad as possible, and in the forest which covered the immediate mountain ridges and formed the boundary of Perkowitz, became even dangerous. Then it followed a gully and went up steep to the top of the watershed, bounded on the right by the forest and on the left descending precipitously to the moist meadow-land. In the narrowest place there had, indeed, been placed a railing, but it consisted only of half-rotten birch timber, which seemed much rather to say, "Look out for yourself," than "Rely on me." Contrary to all of Frederic's expectations, the brown horses went remarkably well today. They went forward lightly and easily in an even trot, as if they knew that theirs was the honorable task to lead their masters into the arms of happiness. Louis gazed at

them lovingly and cheered them on with flattering terms. His face beamed with joy. Now the road began to grow steep. The horses began to fret as they felt the burden of the carriage. Suddenly both stemmed themselves against the pole, and one thrust his nose against the neck of the other as if to say, "Now you pull." Frederic, who till now had sat silently with crossed arms beside his brother, said now, calmly indeed, but exceedingly scornfully:

"They will not go up."

"Not go up!" cried Louis.

"Certainly not in a walk."

"Well, then, at another pace," said Louis, as he snapped the whip.

The horses sprang forward in a gallop, and they went on in safety a little further. But only too soon the zeal of the "Hannaken" abated; a few more paces and they stopped. The carriage rolled back. Frederic's eyes twinkled and he uttered a derisive "Bravo!" Louis laid heavy blows on the backs and flanks of the horses; they trembled and kicked but did not move from the spot. The coachman got down and put a stone under one of the wheels. In doing so he slipped and fell. In trying to get up he came too near the edge of the road, and rolled over and over down the declivity. Frederic laughed; Louis cursed. He threw the reins to his brother, sprang from the carriage, beat away at the horses as if mad, and cried, foaming with rage:

"You beasts, one could kill you!"

The animals, groaning under the blows which were hailed down upon them, reared. One jerk—the wheel that was blocked by the stone cracked, and the carriage stood transversely across the road. Now Frederic began to find the affair rather doubtful.

"You fool! just wait," he cried, and was about to swing himself down from his seat. But Louis did not give him time for it. Senseless with anger, he only beat the horses more wildly. They backed, pushed against the railing, it gave way—and the whole turnout took the road which the coachman had already gone a short time before.

"Much good may it do you!" muttered



Louis. But at the same moment the consciousness of what he had done flamed up in him with deadly fear, and a terrible cry escaped his lips. Pale as a dead man, with wide-open eyes, he tottered to the edge of the declivity. Below lay the horses, entangled in reins and traces; the carriage lay with wheels in the air. Of Frederic there was nothing to be seen. Louis sprang down with desperate bounds. The coachman came up, limping along.

"Jesus, Maria! Jesus, Maria, and Joseph!" he whined, and gazed, paralyzed with fear, at his master, who, looking like a dead man, performed the labor of ten living ones. He cut and tore apart the reins when he could not at once loosen a strap, he broke the whiffletree in pieces with a stone; he gave one of the horses, which, in trying to get up pushed against the carriage, such a blow on the head with his fist that it tumbled back as if it had been struck by a thunderbolt. Now the carriage was free, they saw Frederic lying under it, his face forced into the grass which was reddened with blood. Louis sprang forward. With the strength of a giant he braced himself against the carriage and lifted it carefully and slowly, helping with his head and shoulders, and threw it over beside the man who until now had lain under its whole weight.

This man, however, took a long breath—he lived. Louis wanted to bend over him—stretch out his arms, but they fell by his side; his knees tottered. Instead of the name he tried to utter, came from his mouth only a heavy groan. Suddenly Frederic raised himself on one knee. He wiped away quickly with his hand the blood which was flowing over his forehead and eyes—saw Louis standing before him, and—

"You can see what you've done! It serves you right," he cried, with a voice which left no doubt of the fact that the vigorous Gemperlein chest had victoriously sustained the shock which it had suffered. He got up, shook himself, took a long breath, pointed to the horses which were wretchedly bruised and covered with blood and dirt, and said: "They look fine!"

But Louis remained standing, immovable. His eyes glowed under the swollen lids, and were fixed on his brother with an expression of delight and unspeakable love. "Are you not hurt?" he asked in a hoarse, lifeless tone. Not till now had Frederic looked closely at his brother. An astonishing and pitiful smile mantled his face. He drew out his handkerchief, pressed it to the wound on his forehead, and murmured something that one could not plainly understand, but in which the word "jackass" seemed to be prominent. He then seized one of the horses by the end of the bridle that was still hanging from the head-stall, and climbed up the steep declivity with the exhausted animal stumbling at every step—somewhat more slowly, probably, than on some other days. The coachman followed with the other horse. Louis came last, quite downcast, in his hand one of the broken carriage-lamps which he had mechanically picked up and was holding fast. Half an hour later the little procession marched into Wlastowitz. The horses were put up in the stable, and measures taken to bring back the carriage which lay back in the ravine.

Frederic thought that Louis ought to dress himself quickly and ride at once to "Rendezvous"; he himself would follow in half an hour.

"It would be much more sensible for you to go home and put on an ice compress."

Frederic replied, quite gruffly, that he was no woman. They wrangled awhile and then went into the castle and each to his own room. Ten minutes later Louis's groom was riding toward "Rendezvous" with a letter in his pocket to Fräulein Clara von Siebert. Louis remained at home. He strode restlessly up and down, his head rocking like a stamping-mill. Every vein beat feverishly, every thought which arose in his tumultuous brain was confusion, torment, and anguish. One thought—the worst, predominated over all the others, "You have imperilled the life of your brother! How very near you came to being his murderer!"

The bell called to supper. He went into the dining-room, where Frederic already

awaited him. The latter ate with a good appetite; they talked, smoked, even disputed. But there was no real pleasure in it; the heart was not in it.

Much earlier than usual Louis arose and said "Good-night." He would have so gladly added "*Schlaf gut!*" or once more asked if he were all right. But Frederic would have been vexed or would have ridiculed him, so he let it go and went silently out of the room.

Frederic looked sadly after him for a long time. His eyes filled with tears. "Poor fellow!" he murmured, softly. He propped his head thoughtfully upon his hands and so remained for some time. When he finally arose and with decided step entered his room, the light of a lofty and proud happiness shone on his face—over a great victory, a victory of the noblest self-renunciation and the purest sacrifice. Late as it was, Frederic sent, on the same evening, a mounted messenger to Perkowitz—to Frau von Siebert.

Meanwhile Louis sat at his desk and wrote slowly and solemnly, in bold lines, his will. He named his brother, the Baron Frederic, as heir of his property in case he (Louis) should remain unmarried and childless, which, he added, would in all probability be the case. The following words formed the concluding clause of the document: "I desire, wherever I may die, to be buried at Wlastowitz." After this task was finished, Louis felt somewhat calmer.

Nevertheless, he could not endure any longer the quiet room; he was forced to go out into the open air, the cool breeze, where nature was breathing all around. The night was dark, only solitary stars shone in the heavens, the wind rustled in the trees and drove the dry leaves over the white-gleaming sand of the paths, and rattled in the deep, dark shrubbery.

Louis went forward with firm steps. He would once more walk over every path in the garden, and greet every favorite tree before he, heavy hearted, took leave of all.

"You, first of all, noble silver fir-tree, the last of ten sisters transplanted from the

forest into the meadow. You were a long time feeble, but now you lift yourself proudly in the fullness of strength. You, noble walnut-tree which Frederic never passes without saying, 'That is a tree!' Then the Araucaria, in the vicinity of the larch-wood—I take off my hat to you! An ever-green tree with the nature of the palm, northern strength united with southern grace—it is a marvel! And you, cedar of Lebanon, like a young and most beautiful maiden, wear a green velvet gown, and the new and delicate twigs adorn your top as plumes the most charming head. And last of all the lotus-tree! A non-connoisseur would probably pass by it and think that it belonged to the species which bear apples, but the connoisseur—he would open his eyes, you may be sure. He would admire the moss-covered, iron-gray trunk, the slender branches with the twigs as fine as wire, the small leaves as soft as silk. Frederic says that in the botanical gardens at Schönbrunn there are more beautiful lotus-trees, but nowhere else. He is right, there may be more beautiful things in the world, but nothing more lovely than those that grow here, live, bloom, and wither. It's a pity that one must leave it! But under the circumstances which now—how soon!—will happen, Louis can no longer live in Wlastowitz."

He now ascended the rise of ground at the end of the garden, from which one could look over upon the mortuary chapel which his father had built. Through the grated window gleams a small fiery point, the light of the lamp which burns over the tomb of his father, the first one to rest here. A sorrowful smile appears on Louis's lips; he is glad that he has expressed the wish in his will to be buried in Wlastowitz. Frederic will certainly understand what that means. It will say to him, "I return to you whom I have so often wounded, whose life I have even once endangered—but whom I still have most dearly loved."

Quite calm, almost cheerful, Louis came home. The windows of Frederic's sleeping-room were still lighted, and at irregular intervals a tall, dark shadow glided in front

of the curtains. "So you are also awake — tormented by anxieties and painful doubts. But wait, wait! Now only a few hours, and you will be happy."

At eleven o'clock on the following day Louis dismounted from his horse at the gate of the Castle of Perkowitz. A servant who seemed to have expected him led him immediately through the hall to the door of the reception-room, out of which Fräulein Clara had stepped the day before yesterday like a heavenly vision. The servant knocked, a dear voice asked, "Who is it?" and when the baron's name was mentioned cried, "Welcome!" Louis stood before the beautiful Clara so embarrassed and agitated that it was impossible for him to say a word. Even she was not entirely at ease. The gay tone in which she had bid Louis be seated changed to a very depressed one, after the first glance at the face of the baron. She lowered her eyes, a slight paleness flitted over her cheeks as she said, stammeringly:

"Baron — it is — I beg —" Her embarrassment touched and affected him most deeply. Oh, cruel custom! It would be quite in order that it should forbid one to express unlawful feelings, but it is pitiable that the purest that a man can have should have to remain unspoken! Had Louis dared to act according to his feelings at this moment he would have stretched out his arms and said, "Come to my heart, dear sister!" But that would not have been at all proper, and so he gave her his hand, saying:

"I have taken the liberty of requesting a private interview —"

"Yes, yes! — in a letter which I opened, although it was not really addressed to me," said Clara.

"How so?"

"In fact, I am not Fräulein —"

"Oh," he cried, "it makes no difference what you are called. Be named what you will, you are the niece of our honored friend and the most lovely being we have ever met. You are certainly also noble and good and will not misuse the confidence which leads me to come to you and say you have made a great impression upon the best man who

lives — upon my brother. Fräulein, I come here without his knowledge, with the intention of disposing you favorably toward him. I have your interest at heart no less than his, and earnestly entreat you, on your own account, that you will receive his suit kindly." He spoke with such eagerness that, however often she tried to interrupt him she could not succeed. As he now concluded with the words, "Do not miss the opportunity of becoming the happiest woman in the world!" her impatience gave her the courage to say, with decision:

"This opportunity, however, is already missed, Baron. I am married."

He started up from his seat with dismay which cannot be portrayed. "You are jesting," he stammered. "That cannot be — that is impossible!"

"Why?" she asked. "Can not another have found me acceptable as well as your brother; for example, my cousin, Karl Siebert, who made me his wife some years ago? Why did you think that I had remained single till now? For, permit me to say, as a Fräulein I should be somewhat advanced in years."

Louis looked at her sadly. "So young, so lovely, so talented — and already married!" he said.

"And if you knew how long!" and all her gayety and good humor returned.

"Excuse me, *gnädige Frau*," said Louis. "It would have been better if you had informed us of that earlier."

"Have you inquired about it? And what right did I have to allow myself to enlighten you in regard to my family affairs?" was her ready answer.

"Oh, *gnädige Frau*!" was all he said, as he respectfully took his leave.

She, however, strange to say, lost all desire to laugh at the strange gentleman. She hastened after him, overtook him as he was stepping over the threshold, and said, heartily and warmly: "*Leben sie wohl, Herr von Gemperlein!*" and offered her hand at parting.

Louis turned his head and pretended he did not see it, once more made his respectful adieus, and closed the door behind him. As

he reached the vestibule, Frau von Siebert came toward him from her office.

"Well, what are you doing here?" asked her excellency. "Why do you come yourself? Your ambassador has already received an answer."

"Whom does your excellency mean?"

"I mean Fritz. He was here half an hour ago, as matchmaker for you."

"For me?"

"And what a fine one he was! If you ever think again of marrying, be sure and not speak for yourself; let Fritz speak for you. I was quite overcome. I was not a little sorry to have to say, 'It is too late!'"

Louis clasped his head with both hands. "This Frederic! what a man he is," he cried.

Such deep feeling was expressed in his voice that her excellency was really moved by it. She endeavored to rid herself quickly of her unpleasant sensations. She stepped up close to Louis, pulled his ear, and said: "No offense intended. I am almost sorry we played the trick upon you. Clara did not wish to have anything to do with it, but I compelled her to do so. I must have revenge for my roe."

"You excellency," returned Louis, "I can assure you it was a buck."

"Whatever it may have been, I will spoil the sport of that forester of yours in shoot-

ing on my boundary-line," she retorted. And with that they parted.

A few months after this event the brothers began again to concoct all sorts of marriage projects. "You ought really to marry, after all," one would say to the other. Many times they meditated over their fate.

"It is really peculiar!" said Louis.

"When I was about to propose to that Äpelblüh girl, she went directly to the marriage-altar; and when we thought about making the niece of our friend our wife, she had already been married ten or no telling how many years. And I must be very much mistaken," he added, mysteriously, "if she did not then already have descendants."

Frederic remarked that everything in life repeated itself, with more or less difference. They were probably destined to have the most astonishing love-adventures, and among the many which were yet in store for them would no doubt come about the one which would lead them to the haven of matrimony.

In spite of this supposition, and in spite of the good intention to preserve their line in honor, neither of the brothers married. They passed beyond the veil without leaving an inheritor of their name; and so it comes to pass that the old race of the family of Gemperlein, like so much that has been beautiful upon this earth, has become extinct.

## THE WHIPPOORWILL.

BY MRS. CARROLL B. FISHER.

It is eve, the dusk is falling,

All is hushed and still,

Save the whippoorwill's loud calling

From beneath the hill.

Coming through the evening's silence,

Whistling, plaintive, sweet,

O'er the tangled swamp and meadow

From the field of wheat:

"A bushel of wheat for my poor wife,

"A bushel of wheat to save her life!

"A bushel of wheat," and his plump little wife,

She laughs at his wily pleading.

Long ago, the legend hath it,

That the cunning wight,

Learned the note he pipeth sadly

All the summer's night.

For the farmer caught him stealing,

Nor would set him free,

Till the culprit sued for mercy,

Begging piteously:

"A bushel of wheat for my poor wife,

"A bushel of wheat to save her life!

"A bushel of wheat," and his plump little wife,

She laughs at his wily pleading.

E'er since then on stilly ev'nings

From the field of wheat,

When, with locust blossoms falling,

All the air is sweet;

When the moon is slowly climbing

Up the eastern sky,

Whippoorwill his plaintive chorus

Pipeth mournfully:

"A bushel of wheat for my poor wife,

"A bushel of wheat to save her life!

"A bushel of wheat," and his plump little wife,

She laughs at his wily pleading.

## MARRIAGE PREDESTINATE ("GUM GWOO KAY GWOON").

BY CHU SEOUL BOK AND VINCENT VAN MARTER BEEDE.

(After the Chinese.)



URING the Sung dynasty, in the reign of the Emperor Ching Hwa, there lived in Han Chow Foo a physician named Lan Ming Bing and his wife, Darm See. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The boy, Lan Pok, was eighteen years old and betrothed to Gee Yee (Pearl), daughter to a widow of the Wu family. Lan Pok had been studying hard since his fifth year, and now his father desired him to begin the practise of medicine; but Pok inclined to literature. Pok's sister, Fai Ming, at the age of fifteen was betrothed, through her parents, to a druggist's son in a neighboring village. The druggist was one Bu Gow. Fai Ming was very beautiful; indeed, she was the belle of her village. Her eyebrows were butterflies, her eyes the eyes of a phenix, her face peach-bloom, her fingers marvelously taper, her waist a bending willow, her feet lily-buds, her motions as swift as a king-bird's and as free as an eagle's.

Just after Doctor Lan had taken counsel with his wife concerning the marriage of Pok, and had decided to send notice to the Widow Wu, he received word from Bu Gow that he wished Fai Ming to marry his son. Doctor Lan in his reply begged the druggist to postpone the happy event on account of Fai Ming's tender age. But Bu Gow and his wife were old, and anxious to marry off their son before they should die. Bu Gow sent back a second and more urgent message, ending in this way: "Since he is my only son, your daughter will be my only daughter, to be loved as though she were in the house of her mother. Grant me this favor that I may die happy, having completed my duty in this world."

Doctor Lan stood firm.

The Widow Wu, whose husband had been of an ancient family of great wealth, had not only the daughter Gee Yee, but a son

younger than she by a year, named Wu Yun. The sun-dial moved like an arrow, suns and moons ran as fast as shuttles, and the children were soon of a marriageable age. Gee Yee, then, was betrothed to Lan Pok, and Wu Yun to the daughter of Choy Gah, named Choy Mung Go. Both were attractive — so much so that their mother loved them as much as silver and jade. The son was assiduous in his studies, and the daughter an expert at her needle and music.

Lan's messenger conveyed to the Widow Wu Doctor Lan's request for a lucky marriage date. After a long consultation with her son she replied that owing to the suddenness of the request she must be excused from elaborate arrangements. She expressed herself as quite willing that Doctor Lan should select the date. Thereupon the physician named the day and sent his presents. In the rush and excitement of the preparations, Lan Pok caught a severe cold, with chills and extreme pains in the head. Medicine did him no good, nor did prayers offered in all the temples of the village. The Doctor and his wife were constantly crying and fretting at his bedside. And the marriage date was near.

Said the physician to his wife: "Our son cannot be married at this time. The excitement will kill him. We must postpone the date until he is recovered."

Mother Lan did not agree.

"We were once young," she replied. "Don't you know that young people are always in haste over such matters? Recall the saying, 'Dangerous illness may often be cured by a happy event.'"

"The chance of Pok's recovery," said the Doctor, "is one to nine. If it can be secured by the coming of a daughter-in-law, very well; if not, it would be a frightful sin to bestow on a young girl the title of widow."



Mother Lan rejoined: "You are looking after everyone but yourself. You and I have spent time and pains in the bringing up of our son, in order that we might gain through him a daughter-in-law. Well, he has been unfortunate enough to be taken ill. If now we postpone the marriage and our son should die meanwhile, we should lose all our betrothal and marriage money that we have spent on Gee Yee,—not only money, but daughter-in-law. Come; don't you consider my plan more business-like than yours?"

"Do what you please!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Then," went on Mother Lan, "I would send the Go-between with presents to the house of Wu, instructing her not to mention our son's illness. In case he dies, we can remarry Gee Yee and receive in return the full amount of money we have spent on her."

Doctor Lan was weak enough to consent to his wife's suggestion. Mother Lan commanded the Go-between to keep secret their son's illness, but the outcome of the matter was true to the old saying, "If you don't want people to know your wrongdoings, avoid doing wrong." In making up their minds to deceive the house of Wu, Doctor Lan and his wife forgot that walls have ears. The next-door neighbor was one Lee Wing, a former Treasurer of the District, a great gossip, with an attentive ear and a searching eye for business other than his own. He was never so happy as when exaggerating. While he was Treasurer he gained much wealth dishonestly. Wanting to enlarge his house, he tried to purchase the Doctor's dwelling, but the Doctor would not sell, and the ex-Treasurer thereafter bore him a grudge. It took but a short time for him to tell the Widow Wu just how serious was Pok's illness.

The Widow, stunned by the intelligence,

dispatched the Go-between to inquire into the truth of the rumor. The Go-between was in a difficult position, not knowing whether to tell the truth and be upbraided by the Doctor, or to be a co-conspirator with him. At length she decided to be true to her master and deceive the Widow Wu by saying that Pok had only a slight cold.

"Strange," remarked the Widow. "I implore you to be open with me. I have endured thousands of pains and ten thousands of hardships in the bringing-up of my children to a marriageable age, and if I send away my daughter upon the strength of your word, I will hold you responsible for her future life. Should she find Pok at the point of death, I at least want to feel free

from blame. If she should die from grief, and you have lied, you may be very sure that her spirit will follow you for the rest of your days. If my son-in-law-to-be is hopelessly ill, why not postpone the marriage until some future lucky date? I pray you to take the message of postponement to the house of Lan. I must have an immediate answer."

The Go-between started at once, but had proceeded but a few steps before the Widow again began to doubt her sincerity, and called her back.

"I fear," began the Widow, "that you cannot bring me word soon enough. I will send with you my Trusted Servant, in order that she, too, may hear the answer, and investigate the gravity of Pok's illness."

The Go-between, beginning to fear that the whole conspiracy would be laid bare, strongly objected to the unnecessary presence of the Trusted Servant. But the Widow would not give in, and the Servant was summoned. When the pair arrived at the home of Doctor Lan, the Go-between suddenly left



THE GO-BETWEEN.

the Trusted Servant in one room while she hurried to put the Lans on their guard. Doctor Lan was almost overwhelmed by the sagacity of the Widow Wu, and blamed the Go-between heartily for her inconstancy to him.

The Go-between replied:

"I have done my best, and I will wager that the Widow's wit cannot be overcome even by a cleverer woman than myself."

The Trusted Servant had grown suspicious of the delay and started without hesitation on a tour of the house. Coming suddenly upon Doctor Lan and the Go-between she introduced herself by inquiring whether the gentleman were not Doctor Lan. This the Go-between affirmed.

"Then," said the Trusted Servant, bowing very low, "I wish your Honorable Person ten thousand joys."

The physician, responding with some embarrassment, requested the Go-between to entertain the Trusted Servant in the living room for a few moments, and told his wife the story five-by-five (from beginning to end).

"There is nothing to be done," he concluded, "but to postpone the marriage until Pok's recovery."

"You are crazy!" cried Mother Lan. "The Widow has accepted our presents and Gee Yee is now one of our family. You had better leave the matter entirely with me. Fai Ming, call the Go-between aside while I confer with the Trusted Servant."

After the usual greetings, Mother Lan said to the Servant:

"My son has only a slight cold, and is well able to attend his marriage ceremonies. Kindly make known to your lady that it is out of the question for us to select a new date. I cannot undertake preparations and expenses all over again. Besides, as is said of old, 'A slight illness is cured by a happy event.' Invitations have been sent out. If they are recalled, the public will gossip."

"Very well," replied the Trusted Servant, "but I have a message from my mistress to your son which I must deliver to him in person, in order that my mistress may lay down her heart (rest assured)."

"I regret," responded Mother Lan, "that

my husband has just administered a strong potion to Pok which will prevent his seeing you at this time. I will be glad to take your message in to him a little later."

At this point the Go-between entered the room, and remarked to the Servant:

"I have told your mistress from the beginning that my young master has not a big-sickness, but a little cold. The Widow mistrusted my word and sent you along. I hope you are satisfied with what you have heard."

"Really, I must bid you all farewell," answered the Trusted Servant.

"No, no—not yet!" said Mother Lan. "You have not had so much as a cup of tea. Do have something to eat before you go."

All went into another room, where the Servant noted everything that was said and done.

"You see," said Mother Lan, looking about the room, "everything is ready for the ceremony. How can we postpone it? And even if the ceremony is performed, of course my son and his wife would not live together until Pok is perfectly well."

At last the Trusted Servant believed the Lans. She was filled with admiration for Fai Ming, saying: "I did not suppose that any one could be prettier than my mistress."

After the Widow had heard the Servant's report, she said: "If I consent to the marriage and my son-in-law dies, it would be sinful to bestow on my daughter the title of widow; but if I postpone the day, so doing may bring them ill luck. Go-between, come to me to-morrow and I will give you a definite answer."

The Widow next sought the counsel of her son.

"Evidently," said Wu Yun, "we are set down in a road where we can go neither forward nor back. I think we had better accept the original date on condition that my sister returns on the third day after the marriage, to stay with us until the recovery of her husband."

"A good plan," agreed the Widow Wu, "if only the Lans will consent to it. If they will not, what then?"

Mother and son sat silent in deep thought

for some time. Then the Widow spoke rapidly:

"I have it! Take your sister's place! Carry with you a small chest containing a full suit of men's clothing. If the Lans are willing to return you on the third morning, come back as you went. In case they have three long to three short (differ from us), slip on your male clothes and run away. Why,—"

"My dear Mother!" interrupted Wu Yun, no longer able to restrain his tongue, "I would rather die than do this thing. How could I face the public?"

The Widow was seized with rage.

"Can't you stand a little laughter," she cried, "for the sake of your sister?"

Wu Yun had always been dutiful and obedient; therefore he submitted as soon as he noted his mother's displeasure.

"But," he objected, "how can I comb my hair, never having had experience?"

"Our Trusted Servant will do everything for you."

Early the next morning the Go-between appeared, and the Widow said to her:

"I accept the date on condition that my daughter be returned on the third day after the marriage, to remain with me until Pok is entirely well."

Doctor Lan accepted the conditions. Mother Lan's sole thought was to get her daughter-in-law into her home; the latest form of the Widow's sagacity she had not dreamed of.

Wu Yun in his sister's clothes was wonderfully comely, and so much did he resemble Gee Yee that even the Widow might have confounded the two. He had practised girl ways to perfection, but there were two serious faults in his impersonation; his feet were too large to be converted into golden lilies (still, he partially concealed them beneath a long skirt), and he could not wear bridal earrings,—and everyone knows that a bride, however poor, always wears them, be they only brass. Wu Yun as an earringless bride would be a disgrace to both families. Finally his left ear was pierced and filled by a very small ring given to him in his

babyhood because, since he was an only son, his parents were afraid he might be snatched away by spirits unless he were chained to the world by this charm until childhood should pass. The Widow, after meditation, decided to smear medicated ointment over the spot in his right ear where the hole should be, instructing her servant to tell curious guests that this ear was too inflamed to bear the contact of an earring.

The Widow commanded her daughter to hide in a room at the back of the house, for the wedding procession was on its way from the home of the Lans to claim the bride. The Go-between entered first. To her eyes the supposed bride appeared to be a Heavenly Body.

"Where is Wu Yun?" she inquired of the Widow Wu.

"I regret to say that he has just been taken very ill, and has been compelled to go to bed. I suspect that the separation from his loved sister has overcome him."

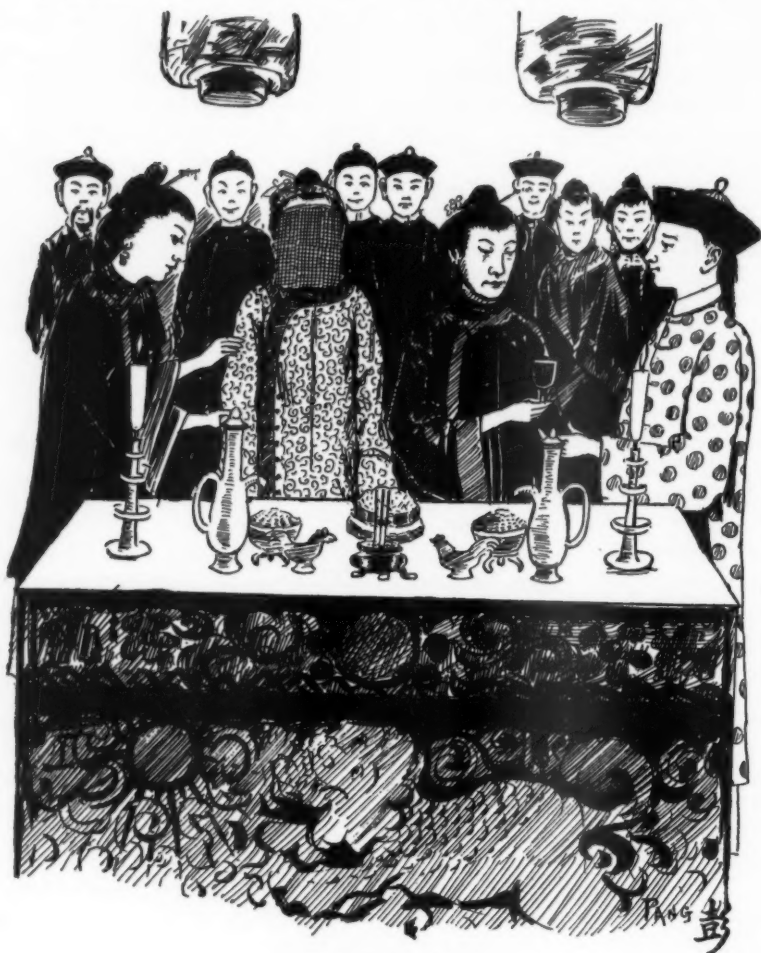
After the feast and farewell, the bride was led to the coolie-chair, with the Widow lamenting at a great rate in between her careful instructions to the Trusted Servant.

"Remember," whispered the Widow, "to bring him back after three days."

At sight of the lanterns and the sound of the music, Pok looked out from his window and cursed his luck at being too ill to hand his bride from the coolie-chair and accompany her in worshiping Heaven and their ancestors. Notwithstanding the protestations of Doctor Lan and the amused comments of the public, Mother Lan insisted on Fai Ming taking her brother's place in this part of the ceremony. After the formal introduction of the bride to her friends and new relations, the bride and the groom's sister bowed to each other and Gee Yee was led to the bridal chamber. It was tantalizing of Mother Lan to send word to her son concerning the extreme beauty of the bride, and then in person to approach him with congratulations.

"Get well quick!" was the ending of her long speech.

Hearing no answer to her remarks, she



THE WEDDING FEAST.

became alarmed and sought for her husband, who hurried into the room to find Pok swooning as a result of excitement. Mother Lan shook all over while Doctor Lan was administering a hot potion to bring the boy to consciousness, but as soon as she saw he was coming to, she hurried to take a second look at her daughter-in-law.

"She's as pretty as poetry!" commented Mother Lan. "What a calamity if my son should die, and I should witness the going forth of my little beauty into another family!"

At this time the bride was saying to himself

"What a beautiful girl this Fai Ming is! A pity I am betrothed."

Fai Ming's thoughts ran in this wise:

"It is unfortunate that so lovely a bride must be left alone in her bridal chamber."

The night being far spent, Mother Lan showed rooms to all guests who would remain with her till morning. In the hurry of her courtesies she left the bride and the Trusted Servant sitting before a candle. The Doctor and his wife began to question where to lodge the bride. They did not want her to be alone in a strange place, and sent their daughter Fai Ming to keep her company. Wu Yun was nonplussed on being confronted



with the beautiful Fai Ming. He did not wish to show horse feet (expose the conspiracy), and said he was sure he would not be lonely. But Mother Lan swept away all his polite excuses.

In the fifth watch of the next morning the Trusted Servant arranged the hair and dress of the bride.

The Servant whispered: "I hope you have not shown horse feet!"

"I did my best to ward off trouble," replied Wu Yun. "I did not seek trouble; trouble came to me; and trouble is very beautiful! . . . Only you and Fai Ming know my identity."

In the course of the bride's morning salutations to Mother Lan, the latter said:

"You have forgotten an earring."

"The omission," said the Servant, "is due to the soreness of the bride's ear."

"Then she is quite excusable," said Mother Lan.

This day Doctor Lan invited many friends to the feast, which lasted till late in the night. When Wu Yun and Fai Ming went together again to the bridal chamber they swore that so long as they had life to live they would live together, and that when they came to die they would die together. At the end of the third day the Trusted Servant reminded Wu Yun of his promise to his mother.

"Let the Go-between make my farewell speech for me," said the bride. "I have not a word to say."

On the fourth day the Servant returned to the home of the Widow Wu, whose anxiety was increasing hour by hour, and told her the condition of affairs from beginning to end. Stamping her feet the Widow moaned:

"He has given himself away!" Return at once and bring the Go-between before me." To the Go-between she addressed herself as follows: "You agreed to return my s—daughter on the third day. Go back and fetch her!"

Mother Lan replied to the Go-between:

"Have you no acquaintance with the rules of marriage? Have you ever heard of a daughter-in-law being returned on the third

day after her marriage? I made my promise when the bird was outside my cage, but now that the bird is not only in my cage, but in my hands, I cannot think of letting it go. Tell the Widow Wu that if she disliked to part with her daughter, she should not have betrothed her. Now Gee Yee is no longer the Widow's, but my son's and mine, and she must respect our commands!"

The Go-between and the Trusted Servant had not a word to say, nor did they dare return to the raging Widow. Lan Pok was getting well, principally because of the exquisite features of the bride. He tried to walk, but found himself too weak. Finally he was lifted on his feet by two servants, who carried him into his bridal chamber. The Trusted Servant cried with a loud voice: "Behold the great Magistrate Man (husband)!"

Said Fai Ming: "Gaw Gow (older brother), I am overjoyed to see you up."

Turning his back to Pok, Wu Yun said:

"I wish you ten thousand joys."

Mother Lan exclaimed:

"Gee Yee, why do you turn your back? Salute your husband!"

At sight of his wife's beauty Pok looked fifty times better. After he had returned to his room, Wu Yun said to Fai Ming:

"Your brother is handsome even in his illness. My sister is indeed fortunate. Pok is getting well; I must part from you, my jasmine flower! and send my sister in my place to avoid showing horse feet."

"It is easy for you to go home," replied Fai Ming, in tears; "but how about me? Where shall I go? What can I do without you?"

"Ah, my sweet one, I have spent thousands of thoughts over the situation. You are betrothed to another house, you see."

"Then only my soul may follow yours!" sobbed Fai Ming. Wu Yun wiped her eyes and promised to solve the problem when he should reach home.

The next day at noon the Trusted Servant was out when Mother Lan came to the bride's door, which the Servant had locked. But the closed door could not shut out the sound



of Fai Ming's and Wu Yun's sobbing, a repetition of the lamentations of the day before. Mother Lan demanded admission, and found her children crying hard. When she ordered an explanation, only tears were the answer. Then in a paroxysm of rage she seized Fai Ming with one hand and a whip with the other and dragged the girl to a distant room.

"Tell me everything," she screamed, "or you die under my whip!"

Fai Ming refusing to answer, Mother Lan whipped her violently. But the pain was in Mother Lan's heart as much as in Fai Ming's body.

At length Fai Ming groaned: "Break my betrothal or I will end my life! The bride is Gee Yee's brother, Wu Yun! . . . You yourself compelled me to take the place of my brother in the bridal chamber. There we swore to become man and wife. . . . Ah! the parting is very hard. . . . One girl cannot marry two husbands! I beg of you, my mother, to make me the wife of Wu Yun! He, too, is betrothed, you know."

Mother Lan pounded her breast, stamped her feet, and cursed the Widow Wu.

"She has injured the name of my house!" yelled Mother Lan, making a dash for the bridal chamber, where Wu Yun had taken refuge. Fai Ming tried to hold her mother back, but Mother Lan threw her daughter on the floor and walked over her. By this time Wu Yun had put on male clothing and escaped from a window, with an aching heart at the thought of Fai Ming's sufferings. At home his mother, the Widow, thought it advisable for Yun to go into hiding temporarily.

After a while Mother Lan's anger subsided, and she said to Fai Ming:

"I do not blame you, my daughter, but the Widow Wu. As to your breaking your betrothal, I am undecided."

When Doctor Lan, just returned from a patient, heard the account of Fai Ming's wrongdoing, he could not speak for anger. When he did open his mouth, it was to blame his wife for the whole trouble; and there was little left for Mother Lan to do but to

swallow the bitter pills of her husband. Doctor Lan tried to beat his daughter, but Mother Lan stood in the way and received all the blows, until servants told Lan Pok of what was going on and he hurried from his sick bed to put an end to the disagreement. When Lan Pok was alone with his sister he drew the story from her, and at its conclusion his face was mud-color.

Lee Wing, the ex-Treasurer next door, had heard the row and learned all the facts by bribing a maid-servant of the Doctor's with fifty cash for food. Lee was delighted with the news, which he hastened to exaggerate for the benefit of Bu Gow, the druggist, and a number of other gossips. Lee thought that Doctor Lan would forsake his home in shame, leaving the place for the ex-Treasurer to buy at his own price. When Bu Gow rushed to Doctor Lan for an explanation of the startling rumors going about the village, the physician listened with a flushed face, saying to himself:

"How has this leaked out so quickly?"

"You need not try to protect your daughter!" shouted Bu Gow, approaching Doctor Lan with pointing fingers.

"Old fool!" cried the Physician. "How dare you come here with false accusations? Take that!"

Mother Lan and Pok rushed out at the noise of the fighting, and, like Doctor Lan, were amazed to know their affairs had become public so soon. Doctor Lan brought his complaint against Bu Gow before Magistrate Kew, an upright, wise ruler who was not a native of the province. His decisions were always so correct and just that he had gained the name of Ching Hin (Clear Heaven). In the court room the Doctor and the druggist fell to fighting again. Then each tried to read his complaint against the other, and both were arrested. When they had knelt before the court, the Magistrate said:

"Do not both speak at the same time, remember. As the older complainant, Bu Gow will first state his grievance."

Bu Gow told the story of his effort to betroth his daughter to Lan Pok, and then of the manner in which the Doctor had



IN COURT.

received him that very day. Doctor Lan, in turn, made a full confession of his falling-out with the Widow.

"I had no intention of injuring the door-wind (name) of the Gow family," he protested.

The Magistrate said: "It seems queer that none of you Lans could detect a difference between Wu Yun and his sister."

"Marriages are an everyday occurrence," said Doctor Lan, "but I never heard of such a scheme as this one of the Widow's. How was I to suspect it? Wu Yun's face is as comely as a girl's."

"Where is Wu Yun?"

"He has escaped, your honor."

Hereupon the Magistrate issued warrants for the arrest of Wu Yun and all persons concerned in the conspiracy. When the culprits were brought before him the Magistrate gazed wonderingly upon Wu Yun and Gee Yee, and saw how beautifully alike they were. And he also observed the great comeliness of the Doctor's children.

"Two charming pairs!" he exclaimed.

"Doctor Lan, you should have postponed the marriage. I lay the whole blame upon you."

"No, no, your honor! Your inferior in a moment's weakness listened to the words of his wife."

"You are lying," said the Magistrate. "Why should the head of the family pay heed to the words of his wife? . . . Wu Yun, what punishment shall I impose upon you? Of course it was thoughtful of Mother Lan to take you for a new daughter. According to law, you should receive a hundred strokes of the bamboo, but on account of your tender age and the faults of the parents on both sides, I will forgive you." Wu Yun bowed his thanks. "Fai Ming, will you give yourself to the house of Wu or the house of Gow? Tell me truly."

"Your Honor," said the girl, "I have become united without any Go-between. How can I give myself to other than Wu Yun? We have vowed to stay together in life and death. If you separate us, I would rather you would kill me right here in court."

Fai Ming wept bitterly. It did not take the good Magistrate long to grasp the situation. Calling Bu Gow, he said:

"I hereby decide that Fai Ming be given to Wu Yun to save her fair name. I command the Widow Wu to pay all costs of gifts

which Bu Gow has presented to the house of Lan."

"I refuse!" interrupted Bu Gow. The Magistrate paid no attention to him.

Said Doctor Lan: "Since Wu Yun is already engaged, I will be satisfied if Fai Ming be his concubine."

"So?" returned the Magistrate, much surprised. "I did not know Wu Yun was betrothed. To what house?"

"To the house of Choy."

"Then," said the Magistrate, "I award Wu Yun's intended to the son of Bu Gow. Is my decision satisfactory, O Bu Gow?"

"Yes, your honor, if the Choys agree to it."

"When my decision is given," said the Magistrate, "who dares oppose it? Bring your son here. I will send for the Choys."

The Magistrate, gazing upon the countenances of Bu Gow's son and the daughter of Choy, saw that the young people were suited to each other.

A few moments later the three families were full of praise for the Magistrate who had decided so justly.





FOUNTAIN OF THE MOOR, PIAZZA NAVONA, ROME.

## BERNINI: THE "MODERN MICHELANGELO."

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.



It was in 1609 that Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, then a boy only ten years of age, was brought into the presence of Pope Paul V. All Italy was showering praises upon the child who had already manifested signs of extraordinary genius. So great was his ability that, at the age of eight, he had sculptured in marble a very beautiful child's head, which excited deep admiration and which caused his father, himself a sculptor of no mean merit, to bring his boy from Naples, his birthplace, to Rome, where he could be placed under the best teachers.

The pope, wishing to ascertain whether all the stories that had been related to him regarding the wonderful gifts of Bernini were really true, inquired:

"Is it a fact that thou canst draw a head with a pen?"

"Which head?" was the boy's response.

"Thou canst draw anything, then!" exclaimed Paul V., surprised. "Make for me the portrait of St. Paul."

In a half-hour the work was accomplished to the delight of the Pope, who, turning to the Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, afterward Pope Urban VIII., said: "Direct this boy wisely in his studies and he will become the Michelangelo of this century."

As a result of this conversation, Bernini was known all through his long life by the name of the "Modern Michelangelo."

With the exception of that greatest master of sculpture, Michelangelo Buonarroti, there is probably no man who has so indelibly impressed himself and his genius upon Rome as has Bernini. His work is ornate; in some cases it is decidedly degenerate, having stepped over the boundaries laid down in the



(Ed. Alinari, P. T. N. 6505. ROMA - Museo della Villa Borghese. Apollo e Dafne. (Bernini).)

#### APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

perfection of Greek and early Roman art, and, by so doing, becomes tasteless and full of "mannerisms," if one may use this word in connection with sculpture. His favorite and oft-repeated maxim was: "*Chi non esce talvolta della regola, non la passa mai*" (whoever does not sometimes force himself outside the limits of law, will never pass them). It was exactly in this point that Bernini failed. Leaving behind him the true principles of art as seen in the antique sculptures and in nature, principles of purity and simplicity of design, he rushed onward at his own will, mistaking facility and ingenuity for genius, and, wishing to carry grace and beauty beyond their proper confines, his work

became full of affectations. As one critic says, "he suffocated beauty with the luxury of useless ornamentation."

In his later years the sculptor himself acknowledged his mistake and confessed that his early work, before he became so lavish and extravagant in his ideas, was his best. It is generally conceded that a group of "Apollo and Daphne," executed when Bernini was only eighteen years old, was the most perfect work of art which he ever produced. It seems sad to think that the aged man, passing into the eighties, having been overwhelmed with honors by popes and kings, surrounded by luxury and wealth, should be obliged to confess that in the sixty years



which had passed since that group was wrought, he had made no perceptible advance and had given to the world no more perfect ideal of beauty.

Notwithstanding these criticisms, the fact remains that Bernini was a wonderfully successful man. In Rome, he was placed under the instructions of the best masters and his progress was very rapid. He seems to have been a youth of limitless ambition and remarkable self-confidence. In those early days of the seventeenth century, just after the death of Michelangelo, the building of St. Peter's attracted many artists and sculptors to Rome. The dome, begun by Buonarrotti and finished by Giacomo della Porta, was the chief object of admiration.

One day several celebrated architects and artists stood in the imposing church, looking up into the dome. Among them were Hannibal Caracci (one of the three famous "Caracci" of Bologna) and Bernini. Caracci, raising his eyes and examining the marvelous structure, said: "It is much to be desired that some man of genius should arise who could design something to divide this immense church, with objects appropriate to its size."

Bernini enthusiastically exclaimed: "Why should not I do that?"

It was not until fifty years later that this dream was fulfilled, and the beautiful "Baldacchino," or canopy of bronze, was designed by him and placed over the altar.

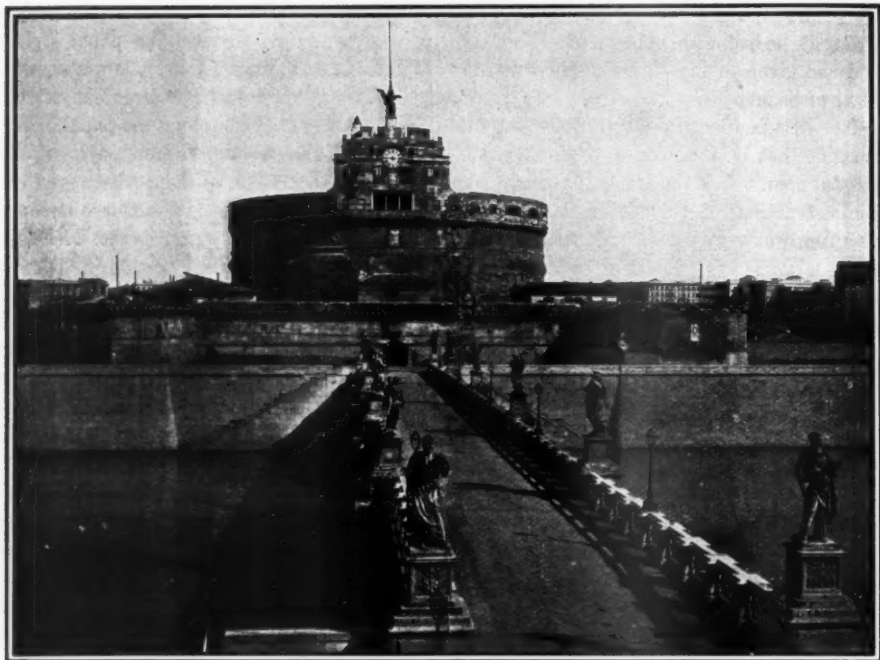
His first years were, apparently, devoted almost entirely to sculpture, in which he was eminently successful. His effigy of the prelate, Montajo, was exquisitely wrought, and elicited the exclamation: "It is Montajo petrified!" He made many busts of the pope, of several cardinals, and a number of life-size figures. He executed a "St. Lawrence," a "David" in the act of throwing a stone at Goliath, and a group of "Æneas and Anchises." All this before he reached his eighteenth year and gave to the world his masterpiece of "Apollo and Daphne."

Bernini outlived four popes, all of whom were favorable to him, with the exception of Innocent X., who by a happy accident in

later years was forced to admire the genius of the sculptor. It was the pope, Urban VIII., of the Barberini family, however, who helped the young man to the greatest extent. No sooner had he assumed the papal crown than he called Bernini to him, saying: "If Bernini esteems himself happy because I am his sovereign, I feel myself the more honored that he lives during my pontificate." These were not idle words. The pontiff at once desired him to form some plans regarding the embellishment of St. Peter's, and—showing himself to be a man of affairs as well as a patron of art—assigned to him a pension of about three hundred dollars (*scudi*) a month, which enabled the sculptor to live very comfortably.

Bernini, still devoting considerable time to sculpture, turned much of his attention to architecture, and it was at this time that he conceived the designs of the canopy, of the bronze cathedra of St. Peter's, and the graceful colonnade which encircles the Piazza of St. Peter's. These three objects alone are enough to endear him to the heart of every visitor to Rome. Is there any picture which remains longer in the mind of the person who is privileged to enter the Eternal City than the Piazza with its obelisks, and fountains full of dancing water, and the majestic double rows of columns surrounding it in hemi-circles, crowned with statues? Then, entering the church, the first object which attracts the eye is the magnificent bronze canopy, with its four richly wrought twisted columns rising to the height of nearly a hundred feet. Formed entirely of bronze, rich in figures and ornaments, all of unusual delicacy, the magnitude of this canopy does not impress itself upon one at once because of the immense edifice in which it stands. It is not generally known that in order to complete this magnificent "Baldacchino" the Pantheon was forced to yield up the ancient ornaments of bronze which it had shielded for so many centuries. For this work Pope Urban VIII. presented Bernini with ten thousand *scudi*, increased his pension, and showered favors upon his brothers.

During the following years, Bernini de-



BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO DESIGNED BY BERNINI.

signed the Barberini Palace, on which, in every conceivable spot, he placed the delicately carved "Bees" which appear on the coat-of-arms of the Barberini Pope. He built the Campanile of St. Peter's, which, to his shame and humiliation, was torn down by order of Innocent X., who gave as his excuse that it was insecurely placed and was liable to fall at any time and destroy the entire façade of the church. Bernini also executed the tomb of his patron, Urban VIII., which is on the right of the Tribune in St. Peter's. The group has been severely criticized as lacking unity, or, rather, the proper relation between the action of the pope's figure and the others represented. But the thought of the sculptor is grand, his ideal pure, and his execution accurate. With consummate art, Bernini has mingled marble and bronze and gold.

Through the patronage of the popes Bernini's reputation as an artist spread throughout Europe, and Charles I. of England expressed a desire to have his statue made by the famous man. Instead of calling him

to England, he sent by a messenger three portraits of himself, in different attitudes, painted by Van Dyck. From these Bernini wrought so beautiful a statue, with so marked a resemblance to his majesty, that the king was overjoyed. Immediately after seeing it Charles sent to Bernini a diamond ring worth six thousand *scudi*, with this flattering message: "Let this ornament the hand which can execute such beautiful work!" It is very evident that the sculptor did not lack money, because it is stated that a little later (no doubt influenced by the example of his sovereign) an Englishman came to Rome to have his statue made, paying for it, as liberally as the king, the sum of six thousand *scudi*.

It was just after this that Innocent X. ascended the throne, and Bernini fell out of favor. He does not seem to have lost much by it, for his labors continued just the same. For the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria, he executed the exquisite group of "St. Teresa with the Angel," one of the finest of his productions. He also designed several



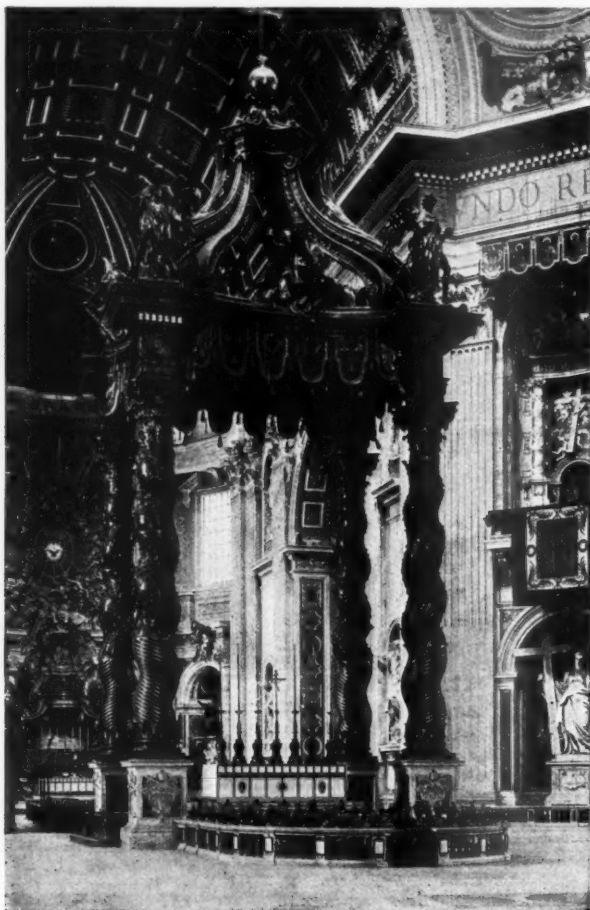
A PORTION OF BERNINI'S COLONNADE.

public buildings. In fact, the debt which Rome owes to Bernini is very large. He it was who designed a number of the fountains with which the city is filled. In the Piazza di Spagna, where the English tourists throng, is the "Fountain of the Bark." Descending the steps of the Spanish Stairs, passing between the gayly-dressed groups of peasants, one sees the ship lying in a large basin of water, while jets of water flow from all parts of the vessel. A few years before Bernini placed this here there was a serious flood, and exactly in this spot a boat was left when the water retired. The Triton in the Piazza Barberini, from whose mouth a huge spout of water falls, is the work of Bernini, and the beautiful fountain in Piazza Navona was the means of bringing about a reconciliation between the sculptor and his master, Pope Innocent X.

Piazza Navona was, in the seventeenth century, practically the center of Rome. Around it rose the palaces of the nobility and in it the festivities of the carnival were

frequently held. It is now one of the most spacious "squares" in the city and it is not surprising that the pope wished to erect in it a handsome fountain. He consulted all the artists of Rome, pretending to forget Bernini, who, hearing of the project, made his own model, giving it to the Prince Ludovisi, a firm friend of his. The design was very beautiful. In the center of a circular basin, chained to a mass of rock, are four River-gods representing the Nile, the Ganges, the Rio de la Plata, and the Danube.

The Prince Ludovisi, choosing a propitious moment, placed Bernini's model before the pope. On his involuntarily admiring it, the prince told him who had made it. Fortunately, the pope was great enough to forget all his disagreements with Bernini in admiration for his genius. After the erection of the fountain, and before it had been uncovered to the public, Innocent X. went to see it. The pope, having sufficiently admired the result of the sculptor's labors, remarked that he trusted that the water



THE BRONZE CANOPY IN ST. PETER'S.

would soon be put in; to which Bernini replied gravely that he would do his best to have this done speedily. Just as the pope arose to go, a slight, rushing noise was heard, and turning, he saw the water leaping joyously from the many openings made for it and falling in happy, murmuring cascades into the basin. With true Italian grace, the pontiff remarked: "By this unexpected pleasure, you prolong my life another ten years."

Prince Ludovisi proved a good friend to Bernini, who made for him several beautiful statues. One of these, the "Rape of Proserpine," stands now in the hallway of the Palazzo Piombino, of Ludovisi, which stood

at the foot of the marble staircase leading up to the apartment of General Draper, ambassador from the United States to the Court of Italy. This palace is now used as the residence of the widowed Queen Margherita.

Bernini's life seems to have been a succession of honors, and these were bestowed upon him even to his last years. Louis XIV., who planned and accomplished so much to beautify Paris and its suburbs, hearing of Bernini, wished to consult him on the restoration of the Louvre Palace. Colbert, at that time in the height of his fame, sent him the designs of the building as it then existed, begging him "to trace upon them some of

those admirable thoughts which were so familiar to him." The monarch was so pleased with the sketches sent by the architect that he wrote himself, urging him to come to Paris and see him.

It was in 1655, when Bernini had attained the age of sixty-eight years, that he yielded to this request, and, with one of his sons, commenced the long journey. Accompanying him were several of his pupils and a large number of attendants, for the sculptor traveled with much pomp and luxury. It is a pleasant picture, this of an old man, known to the world only through his genius, receiving countless attentions from all with whom he came in contact. As he passed through the different kingdoms the princes hastened to shower upon him costly gifts. As his cortège entered France one city vied with another to do him honor. He was received at the gate of each town by the officials and men of rank. Even at Lyons, which did not confer its favors lightly, he was greeted with as much respect as a prince of royal blood. At Paris he was conducted to a palace placed at his disposal, was visited by Colbert, representing the king, and was invited to sit at table with the ministers of state. Later, he went to St. Germain where Louis XIV. was in residence and was most cordially received.

The plans which Bernini made for the Louvre were not accepted, not because of any lack of worth, but because they necessitated too much destruction of the original building, while the designs of Perrault were much simpler. Hence the chief object of the visit to Paris was not accomplished. Still, the sculptor had a very enjoyable time and apparently left a fine impression of his agreeable characteristics on the French nation. Monsieur Chantelon, the majordomo of Louis XIV., was his constant companion. He wrote a most curious and now rare manuscript relating the incidents of this famous journey and, also, many interesting anecdotes of the sculptor. He tells how Bernini made a bust of Louis XIV., who enjoyed the sittings very much, and one day stayed a whole hour, much to the delight

and amusement of Bernini. Proud of the honor, he flung away his tools, exclaiming: "What a wonder! A great king, young and French, has been able to remain quiet for a whole hour!"

It would appear that Bernini, in these days, possessed much influence over the king, for Chantelon states that one day, not liking a ringlet which fell over the forehead of his royal model, he boldly pushed it back, and remarked: "Your Majesty can show his forehead to the whole world!" Naturally the court followed the example of the king, who was flattered by Bernini's action rather than offended, and everybody pushed his locks back from his forehead. To this new mode was given the name, the "Bernini style," which demonstrates that the men of the twentieth century are simply following the customs of two centuries ago when they bestow upon their clothes the names of those whom the nation delights to honor.

But Bernini grew homesick for his beloved Italy after he had experienced for five months the adulations of the French monarch and his people, and humbly requested that he be allowed to return to Rome. Louis XIV. graciously acceded to this request, bestowing upon his favorite ten thousand *scudi*, a pension of two thousand *scudi* a year, while to Bernini's son he gave four hundred *scudi*. The journey back to Rome was made in great state at the expense of the French king, who, wishing to commemorate in some way the visit of the artist, ordered a medal to be coined in his honor. On one side was the likeness of Bernini himself; on the other the muse of art, while encircling the figure was the motto: "*Singularis in singulis, in omnibus unicus.*"

A new pope came to the throne, and under him Bernini and his family flourished. The old man did not lay down his chisel, but, after reaching the age of eighty, sculptured an exquisite figure of the Savior in low relief for Queen Christine of Sweden. On the 28th of November, 1680, he died at Rome and was buried with great pomp and splendor in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

The will of Bernini was an interesting





ST. TERESA WITH THE ANGEL.

one. To the pope, Clement IX., he left a large painting representing Christ. To the Queen of Sweden he willed the bust of the Savior which he had made, his last work of sculpture. To his children he left a statue of "Truth," and a fortune of almost half a million dollars! In the midst of the heart-rending tales that one reads of the noted men who have died just as their prosperity began, it is a relief to think of Bernini happy, prosperous, leaving a goodly inheritance to his children.

In Rome the three hundredth anniversary of

the birth of Bernini was recently celebrated. In the hall of the Horatii and Curatii in the Capitol many of the sculptures, drawings, and paintings of this gifted man were exhibited. In the presence of the prefect of Rome and ministers of state, formal exercises were held, inaugurating what the Italians call their "Berniniana," and a memorial tablet has been placed upon the house occupied by the sculptor at 12 Via Due Macelli.

In spite of all the criticisms — and no one hesitates to say that Bernini's faults were

many and glaring—the nineteenth and twentieth centuries cannot help acknowledging the wonderful work which he did in Rome, and his boundless energy and industry, as well as his undoubted genius.

It is said that Giovanni Bernini was a man of medium stature, with dark complexion and very piercing black eyes. Ordinarily

calm and self-possessed, there were times when he flew into an uncontrollable rage.

On the whole, though, he was almost universally popular, and the cause for this is, no doubt, to be found in a little sentence of one of his biographies: "He spoke with wisdom and kindness of the works of *others*, and with exceeding modesty of his *own*."



MONUMENT TO URBAN VIII., ST. PETER'S.



FREDERICK AT THE COURT OF BESANÇON, BY PLÜDDEMANN.

## THE FRENCH JURAS.

BY CAROLINE S. DOMETT.

**I**UR first dinner in Besançon was served on the balcony overhanging the casino grounds at the back of the hotel. Climbing vines screened us from the gay world below, and the vivid electric light falling on each green and dancing leaf wove a fairy carpet at our feet, or flung across the table garlands delicate and shadowy in ever-changing shapes. Out in the garden the band was playing. Through the vines we could see the white columns of the bathing establishment, and the outlines of the little theater where a play was going on. Near by was the casino, its windows flooded with inviting light that shone from rooms all white and gold and crimson. Everywhere the scent of flowers and green leaves swaying softly to the music of the waltz.

Imagine a narrow stretch of land with the river looping round it like a broad silver horseshoe. Across the ends of the horseshoe a frowning citadel. Under the citadel a canal connecting the river running up with

the river running down. Rising on all sides hills girded with forts and ramparts. On this narrow stretch of land in the valley, as safe as a baby in its mother's lap, a little town. This is Besançon, France.

Why the place is not better known it is difficult to understand. That it is not within the beaten paths and still values itself modestly we inferred from the remarks of our French landlord, who fluently implored the heavens above to tell him the reason of our coming to that place. In our travels through many lands we had become accustomed to the criticisms of many people. We had learned — for the journey was made in the old-fashioned way, and this is only a song of the wheel — that our skirts were too short for England, too long for France, but until that moment choice of route had not been questioned. Did he know a fairer land? Not he; but we were the first large party of Americans who had ever honored him, it seemed.

Besançon is a frontier town and an important fortress. It was Cæsar himself who said that it has the finest natural fortifications in the world. Now, to the defense made by hill and river, there have been added bristling forts that crown the heights along a circuit of forty miles, and natural beauty and artificial strength make a combination that is singularly grand and impressive.

Once a Roman city of importance, it affords, like many other places in Europe, evidences of former occupation. Beneath the citadel which has now been superseded by the band of fortifications above, so many interesting discoveries have been made that the restoration of a Roman arena is thought possible when the ramparts are torn down.

After the fall of the Roman Empire the province came under the sway of one country after another. When it was ruled by Burgundy, Emperor Frederick I., called Barbarossa, married a princess of that house and the whole province swore allegiance to him at Besançon.

About this time occurred a scene so full of dramatic importance and artistic possibilities that it has found its way to canvas. An archbishop had been captured by highwaymen in Burgundy, and the emperor, who was not on good terms with the pope at the time, had made no effort for his release. Therefore Cardinal Bernard and Cardinal Roland were sent from Rome to Besançon to press

the matter. They were graciously received at court by Barbarossa, but when Cardinal Roland maintained that the empire was held in fee of the pope great excitement prevailed, and it was only by exercise of royal authority that Otto von Wittelsbach was prevented from attacking the holy envoys of the pope. They

were sent back to Rome without delay, and Emperor Frederick at once issued to the whole world a manifesto proclaiming the independence of his empire.

Besançon was the birthplace of Victor Hugo, though the family moved away from the town when he was but six weeks old. The house is on the Grande Rue, marked by a memorial tablet. It was from Besançon that Marshal Ney set forth to stop the advance of Napoleon from Elba, promising to bring back the



HEAD OF FREDERICK BARBAROSSA, BY HADER.

Little Corporal in an iron cage, and ended by the surrender of his entire division. Prud'hon, the artist, Clesinger and Petit, the sculptors, all are Bisontines, as the natives of Besançon are called. It was Prud'hon who designed the silver-gilt cradle that has lately rocked itself into our reawakened sympathies, bearing the frail form of L'Aiglon on its royal pillows—that beautiful cradle with the golden eaglet stretching up toward a glittering star held by the figure of Glory, but beyond reach.

The Grande Rue, on which the Hugo house is situated, leads into the Place St. Pierre, an unusually picturesque square. There had

been a fête before our arrival and the decorations remained. The buildings, very quaint in themselves, were gayly festooned with paper streamers of many colors, and there was a grouping of pennants and ban-



BESANÇON.

ners at the street corners most theatrical in effect. We always looked for the chorus to come trooping in from the wings in pointed hats and brigandish legs, or imagined we saw Valentine hurrying around the corner of the church to the music of the "Soldiers' Chorus."

The road out of town was by the *Porte Taillée*, a curious arch tunneled through a cleft in the rock by the Romans for the passage of an aqueduct which brought water down to the city from *Acier*, seven miles away. It now serves as a gateway for the road that took us out on our journey along the banks of the Rhine-Rhône canal, a waterway more than two hundred miles in length, forming, with the Doubs and other rivers, a complete communication between the Rhine and the Rhône.

After leaving the canal the road ran between beautiful vineyards that sloped up the hillsides to the point where the Juras, no longer sun-basked, rose in huge palisades of stone. On top of these stern gray bulwarks were the cottages of the vineyard laborers, in places producing a queer effect, as if grand bits of Norman architecture suddenly had been finished off in Gothic. Again, the hills were round-topped, clothed in birch, cypress, pine, and at their base were rich

undulating, grass-grown surfaces, making a soft green setting to the golden grain fields marked into tiny squares of harvest colors.

Dotted here and there were small churches, always open, as churches should be. We often went inside to rest in the silence or to walk quietly about, for there is usually something of interest to the visitor, even in these little churches—a crystal chandelier, a copy of some famous painting, a good set of stations. At other times we were content to wander through the cool and shaded churchyards, among lowly graves, marked, almost without exception, by humble wooden crosses. No towering shafts of granite, no imposing blocks of marble, can be more touching than are these rows and rows of little wooden crosses.

We had luncheon at Ornans, a bit of Venice strayed away to the hills; a bit of Venice and a little of Holland too, for the backs of the houses are on piles in the river, and, as if these were not variety enough, there is a cast of countenance on some of the dwellings left there by Spanish invasion. All this



THE PORTE TAILÉE.

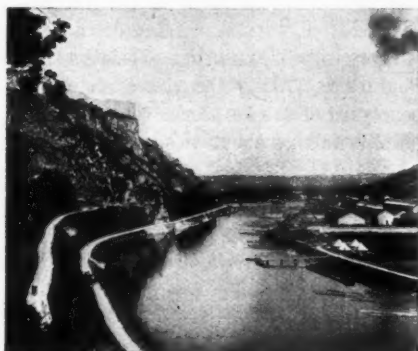
quaintness rimmed in by hills and reached by the superb state roads of Louis Philippe.

In the heart of the Juras the mountains are like huge amphitheaters hewn by a giant hand. They rise, one broad stone tier above



another with marvelous coloring. In some places a precipice drops on one side of the road, and a rocky wall, delicately traced in maidenhair fern, rises on the other. Then the stone hills threaten and close in. The rocky wall has thrust itself well to the edge of the precipice; the road disappears; the rider follows it along the echoing tunnel and out into the waiting sunshine at the other end.

Our destination was Mouthier Haute-Pierre (monastery on the high rock), a queer, lonely little place shut in between cliffs straight as the walls of a fortified city. A short, steep path led to the inn where our arrival was an epoch. The world came forth to see, and greatly enjoyed the sight. One is easily seen in Mouthier, for the houses are far too small for retirement. Even the inn



RHINE-RHÔNE CANAL.

could not accommodate us during the excitement of supper-getting. Chairs and boxes were placed in the street, and there we sat in front of a low stone wall that was darkly fringed with boy — open-mouthed and gaping boy. We were quite used to having it that way. The inns along unbeaten paths usually are tiny, for the traveler is but occasional and solitary, and the most required is kitchens and bars.

We sorely taxed the commissary department of that inn, or more correctly speaking, its china closet, for there was plenty of coffee — served in kitchen bowls — and there was bread — yards and yards of it.

French bread is the loving cup of rural districts. It is passed down the table, each

guest sawing off enough for his own use with his own knife, if need be cheerfully tucking it under his own arm to strengthen the point of attack.

After supper we climbed the narrow street, passed little houses with double doors —



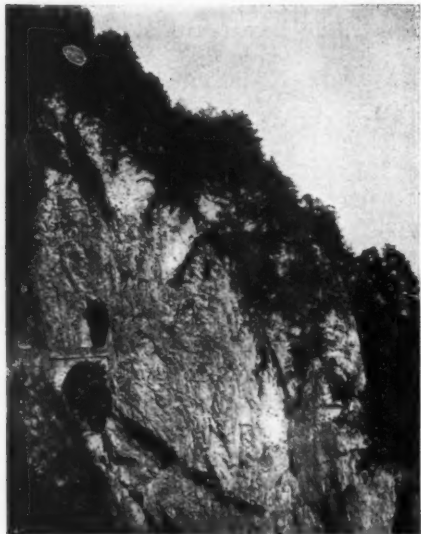
ORNANS, A BIT OF VENICE.

one for the family, one for the cow; passed houses where the cow occupied the first floor front, the family contenting itself with rooms overhead that were reached by outside staircases; on, to the top of the street where the church stood, with the tri-color floating from its tower.

It was for the church that Mouthier began to exist, there on the high rock. Many queer little hamlets began life around those who were dead to the world. Some of the religious orders in these almost inaccessible places were very aristocratic indeed. It is said that the one at Baume-des-dames, adjoining Mouthier, admitted no nun unless she could show sixteen noble quarterings. Many of the monasteries and convents are in ruins: the little hamlets struggle on.

In a search for what remains of the priory, we entered a small stone passage leading from the street. At one side, in the wall, there was a very old figure of the Virgin carved out of the rock. Across the end of the passage, dimly seen in the gathering shadows, stood a little shed where a cow was stabled for the night. An old woman, with bent figure and feeble step, came into the passage and stopped before the shrine. Folding on her breast her toil-hardened hands, she sang in a tremulous, but sweet voice, an evening song to the Virgin. It was like a picture from Millet, with a Rembrandt background. Then the moon arose

over the stone hills. The light flooded the narrow valley where the river hurried along through its one chance of escape, and its beams fell on the gray path that was drawn



INTO THE JURAS.

like a ribbon through the dark green foliage to guide us down the hill.

There are several interesting excursions that can be made from Mouthier, among them a trip to the source of the River Loue which we visited on the way to Pontarlier. The same characteristics of scenery continued. Huge battlements, zones of rich coloring, deep gorges, glorious perspectives of sunlit slope, and always gradual ascent, for we were nearing our highest point among the Juras.

We reached it through the depths of a pine forest. The shadows of the wood were thrown across the road, for it was afternoon. We stopped to rest and to dream awhile under the swaying pines that dotted us with little flecks of sunlight as they lazily bent their tall and stately heads. The air was pungent and full of fragrance. From somewhere near came the sound of the whetting of scythes mingled with the long, insistent winding of the cicatrice's note, down by the brook in the ten-acre lot—for we were on a New England farm, children again, up

attic. On the beams overhead hung long rows of dried and brittle herbs. Tall trees crowded close to the open window at the gable end, and the odor of warm pine mingled with the pungent smell of wormwood up there in grandmother's attic—no, out there in France.

"The peasants are in the fields cutting the wormwood for the absinthe works down in Pontarlier," someone said. "The air about here is always heavy at this time of year."

The pine forest opened on a broad plateau, with the mountains farther off and beyond, all wrapped in that deeply blue and mystically tender shade seen only in the peace of late afternoon or the sweet approach of night. Overhead were little clouds all white and fleecy, waiting for the sunset painter.

A dip over the brow of the hill among the fields of wormwood, then down into the military town of Pontarlier—absinthe-scented Pontarlier. Along the street and into the courtyard of the inn where there were many officers walking about with much clanking of



OUT AGAIN.

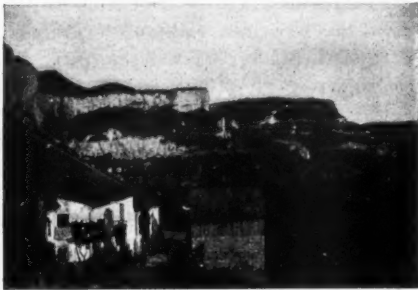
swords and jingling of spurs, where there was much leading out of horses to be groomed, and many waiters running to and fro. Oh, the interesting outdoor life of the continent! Where the maid washes salad in

the stone trough under the window, and where, by the exercise of ordinary powers of observation in the direction of the courtyard, one can tell whether the cook is cutting the potatoes for French fried or lyonnaise.

As but one night was spent in Pontarlier, the impressions of the place can be summed up in two words—absinthe and soldiers.

Throwing open the shutters early in the morning, the ear was caught by the sound of martial music, coming nearer and nearer. Then, through an old triumphal arch at the end of the street there swung a regiment of French soldiers returning from morning review. Twenty-five buglers marching at the head flung rich melody over the harmonies of the regimental band, or caught the strain and sent it in triumph over the borderland while the band gave the marching time to disciplined footsteps. The sun shone, the band played, the hills echoed, the colonel saluted. Surely it is a pleasant thing to be among the Juras at sunrise when the regiment passes by.

Outside the town the traveler enters the defile of La Cluse, the mountain gateway to Switzerland. Just a narrow pass between rocks that rise to a height of seven hundred feet above the road. Splendidly picturesque

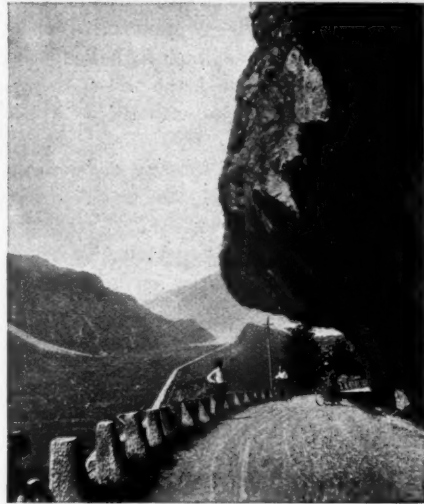


MONTHIER HAUTE PIERRE.

on the summit of these rocks stand two forts, one either side of the pass. That on the left is the modern Fort de Larmont, the one on the right, the ancient Fort de Joux, built in the sixteenth century and for some time used as a prison of France.

Here was imprisoned one of the most striking figures of the French Revolution, Mirabeau the fascinating, Mirabeau the

hideous. Confined by order of his father to expiate youthful follies, Mirabeau promptly set to work to exercise his fascinations on the officers of the prison. So well did he succeed that he was allowed the liberty of



FROM SUNNY FRANCE TO SHOWERY SWITZERLAND.

the town, where he at once made love to Sophie de Monnier, wife of the most important inhabitant of Pontarlier, and ran away with her to Holland. He was condemned to death for abduction, but on his reappearance in France was allowed to plead his own cause, first before the local court of Pontarlier, and afterwards in parliament at Besançon. The magistrates were no match for the powerful intellect of the prisoner, who browbeat even the judges themselves. His sentence was annulled. It was the eloquence of his pleadings at this time that drew upon him the eyes of France, and was but as a preface to his subsequent life, which, for a few years, was French history itself.

Among the sonnets of Wordsworth there is one written to a man of strange life and name, Toussaint L'Ouverture, a negro chieftain of San Domingo. Born a slave, he took an important part in the uprising by which the English were expelled from the island, and afterwards aided so materially in restoring peace and order that he was elected

president for life. Under the guidance of this remarkable man the island became prosperous, too prosperous to escape the eagle eye of Napoleon, who sent over a fleet and an army to conquer it. L'Ouverture was defeated, taken prisoner and sent to Fort de Joux, where he died. Wordsworth's sonnet must serve as his only epitaph, for he lies buried in an unmarked grave of the prison church.

At the custom-house we were obliged to make a deposit of eight francs forty centimes on each wheel before entering Switzerland. Since that day, faith in the advantages of higher education has wavered. There were nine bicycles, and the government official found the entire amount of our indebtedness by putting down 8.40 nine times and then adding up. Why should one vex one's self with the multiplication table when straight

addition combined with unlimited time reaches the same result?

From sunny France to showery Switzerland at last. The cypress and the beech had given place to the pine family. There were springs of water everywhere. How good it was! A shower passed by. We sped along with cool drops falling and with fresh air blowing, high on the mountain side.

The road hung over little villages where the red roofs on some of the cottages were held down by stones to keep them from blowing away. The railroad was as a tiny line below. Before us were the Alps, with the lake like one big, blue jewel dropped into the verdure at their base. Down grade now, no more work, and, at the end of a coast seven miles long, we reached the town of Neufchatel.

## HOW TWO WOMEN FOUND THE SHORTIA.

BY HARRIET E. FREEMAN

### I.



YOU have known the wish that I have had for so many years to see *Shortia galacifolia* growing in its native habitat; but you will perhaps hardly understand it until you know the history of this interesting flower.

When the elder Michaux, a well-known French botanist, was in this country about 1794, he made a collection of plants from the southern states, taking them back with him to Paris. In 1839, when Dr. Asa Gray was abroad, this old herbarium was of course an object of great interest to him. Upon looking it over, he found a plant he did not know — without flowers, having only ripened capsules and leaves, and labeled as having been gathered in "*les hautes montagnes de Caroline*." It was of such interest to him that on his return home he went into that region to look for the flower; but it was all in vain — it could not be found. And he asked other botanists going to that region to look for him, but they had no better success. Dr. Gray had found a

similar plant in a Japanese herbarium (another instance of the similarity of the Japanese flora and ours), and that only convinced him that this unknown plant of Michaux must be found somewhere in the Carolinas. He named this American plant after Professor Short of Kentucky, *Shortia galacifolia*, the specific name given because of the close resemblance of the leaves to those of *galax*, a low-growing plant common everywhere in the woods of the southern mountains. These leaves are now sent north in such quantities for decorative purposes that they are about as well known here as in the south.

Mystery and silence still surrounded the little plant, until in 1877 a boy found it in the low country of North Carolina. The father of this boy was a botanist, and so by correspondence the name of the plant was learned. Still, it was not found where Michaux had described it, and Dr. Gray was by no means satisfied. In the fall of 1886 Professor Sargent went down into the mountains of North and South Carolina especially to find specimens of *Magnolia cordata*, a tree

about which there was almost as much mystery. He went out collecting in the day, bringing back the specimens at night. On one occasion he brought back the leaves of a small plant, gave it to the men in camp, and asked, "What's that?" They were about to reply, "Galax!" when, upon a second glance, they said they did not know. One of them said, laughingly, "Perhaps you have found Shortia." Curiously enough, that very day Professor Sargent had in his mail a letter from Professor Gray bidding him rediscover Shortia and cover himself with glory.

Professor Sargent kept the leaves carefully, and on returning to Boston showed them to Professor Gray, who at once pronounced them to be Shortia. Imagine the joy and interest! Professor Sargent sent word at once to Mr. Boynton, who had been with him in camp and asked him to visit the place again and find the plant. But these gentlemen had gone their several different ways in their days' excursions, and Professor Sargent was alone when he found those leaves. He wrote the directions as well as he could, and Mr. Boynton made several fruitless efforts before finding the right spot.

I learned all this in my visit to Highlands, North Carolina, in 1896, when I had Mr. Boynton for my guide. He showed me the letter Professor Gray wrote Professor Sargent, which the latter had given him for a souvenir. He had pasted it into the flyleaf of his "Gray's Manual." I asked him then if he would be my guide into the region, should I ever be able to go there in March when the flower blossoms. He said he would gladly, and from that time I have always had it in mind that I would go there at the first opportunity. I waited six years, but that was little to the years of waiting that Professor Gray had!

## II.

OCONEE, WHITE WATER VALLEY,

SOUTH CAROLINA, March 19, 1902.

We are here, and we have found it!

Now to begin at the beginning. We left Seneca at half-past nine in our "hack," the morning clear but cold. A pair of small,

thin horses, a colored boy for driver, and the vehicle and wheels all covered with yellow mud, of course.

Because a bridge had been carried away by floods, we had to make a divergence of five miles, making the drive thirty miles for the dear Shortia!

We had been told that the road would be



HOUSE OF OUR HOST IN OCONEE.

uninteresting up to the last moment almost, so we were not unprepared for the dreary waste we went through mile after mile. In order to clear the land, the people simply girdle the trees which then die and stand in various stages of decay. We passed through old corn fields and old cotton fields, and where the crop had not been thoroughly picked from the latter the white bolls looked very pretty.

At first we met a great many teams carrying out shingles from a mill which we did not pass. These were driven by white and black, but more often by the former. Always the men touched their hats to us and gave us friendly greeting.

Going by the mill, we met almost no one on the road; the houses were far apart and there seemed to be nobody about them. Finally, upon a sudden turn of the road, we saw a foaming river before us and no bridge; the road went in on one side and we saw it emerge on the other side. Forging, as you know, is no new thing to me, for I was well used to it in Shelburne, but I knew it was necessary for the driver to know the ford, and something depended upon the horses. We asked the boy if this were all right and



he said, "Yes." But then, he said "Yes" to everything, even when we asked him questions that contradicted each other. So that did not help matters. A line of foaming white breakers extended right across the river



POSTMAN TO OCONEE.

where we were to cross. I got out of the carriage and went up on a rock close by the river to look up and down, and the effect of the rapid, broken water was not reassuring. But we saw a camp of men on the opposite bank. I waved my handkerchief and one of them came down to the edge of the water so we could call across. I said we were afraid and did not like to drive over with our boy. He said that it would be all right if we kept in the right place and did not get too far over to one side; if we did, there was a hole we should go into. We still did not like it and asked if he could not help us; though as there was no raft, or boat, or anything, I did not see how he could. He called back that he would wade across and drive us over. So he took off his shoes, rolled his trousers up above his knees and came over, evidently stepping on slippery rocks below and balancing himself very carefully. Then putting on his shoes he got into our wagon and drove us over in safety. He said the rock was "mighty slickery"; it did look like a single smooth rock which the horses had to walk over. Then he told us how a man with a mule team drove over a week before and did not follow directions

and was carried down the river. I should think that it was two hundred feet that we had to cross. I handed out a piece of silver to him, but he said, "Oh, no! I did not do it for pay." But I made him take it, and he said that if we would call to him when we came back he would drive us back again.

Then came more miles of lonely road, more in the woods perhaps. We came sometimes to diverging roads which all looked just alike. There were no guide boards, or if there were, nothing legible was written on them.

We were on a clay road, not very rocky. But you know how clay roads wash, and it can't be helped; so the road was full of deep ruts and gullies. But our negro boy was careful and nice in driving, and the thin, small horses did very well, breaking into a trot themselves whenever there was a bit of good road. We met a good-looking man on foot, and from him we learned we were on the right road to Oconee, and he gave us further directions.

Then we met the postman, on foot, and we stopped to have quite a talk with him,—a tall, thin man with a good face, having but one arm and carrying the mail bag over his shoulder. His horse had got used up with hard work, so now he was doing his duty on foot, twenty miles a day, ten in and



HOUSE ON THE DRIVE FROM SENECA TO OCONEE.

ten out, with an average, in the winter, of three letters a day. We bade him farewell and kept on. Meanwhile we had eaten our lunch while driving.

At last, when nearly three o'clock, the

character of the land seemed to change a little; it became more rocky and broken, with little streams and with a great tangle of laurel and rhododendron. As we were crossing a little wet place, Caroline and I both called out at almost the same moment; she saw the leaves and I saw something more. I got out and went back. Yes! there it was. The leaves of the long-lost *Shortia galacifolia* and a few buds, and then two more buds nearly opening into flowers! We handled them carefully and then drove on, rather despondent. Yes, we had come too early. But then, it was a great deal to have seen the plants and buds. We would try to be satisfied with that.

We drove on to more damp ground, following a little brook where the trees had been cut, which let the sun in more, and there we saw it in abundance, some plants green, some redder, and the dear flowers standing up a long finger's length, all in full bloom. There is a single flower to each stalk, having five white petals, each delicately fringed. Imagine our delight! We got down on our knees, looked at them, touched them, but did not gather one. For all their abundance, we could not but remember their history, and we could not pick even one to have it fade and then be cast aside.

We knew that Mr. A—— lived in the valley, and Mr. Boynton (my Highlands guide) had stayed with him and said he knew he would take us in. We struck Mr. B——'s house first, and that looked very unpromising. Then we retraced our steps up the White river and found Mr. A——'s. Remember, there is no town here. We have as yet seen but three houses, well apart. Mr. A—— was away, but Mrs. A—— was at home, and when it proved that Mr. Boynton had stayed with her we knew we were at the right place.

There are seven children in the family, from eighteen years down to two, and the younger ones came round us in some surprise. When we talked about the flower they knew what we came for and called it "little colts-foot." The woman said we were too early for it, but the boy said no; he saw the

"bloom" yesterday. They do not speak of flowers, but use the word "bloom" very prettily. After we had put our bags into our room the boy Junius went with us on the road following up the bank of the river, and we found the flower in greater or less abundance. We came upon a patch three feet square—nothing but *Shortia*, and all in bloom. As to that particular patch, it was in perfect bloom, and if we had timed our visit to a day it could not have been better.

At night Mr. A—— returned and he proved



TREE FELLED FOR A BRIDGE ACROSS THE CREEK.

to be an intelligent, friendly man. We are fairly comfortable here—as much as we could expect in this primitive country. Our supper and breakfast were of eggs and milk and hot bread. No butter! Mrs. A—— tried to get it for us but could not. As she sat with us at breakfast, which we ate apart from the family, she said, "I reckon things down here look mighty strange to you all." And she always spoke to us of things "up in your country," as if we came from far away. When we asked the boy what time he got up he replied, "A half hour by sun."

Mr. A——, a man of fifty perhaps, has always lived in this valley and of course has always known "little colts-foot." He says about fifteen years ago some gentlemen from the north came into the valley to hunt for trees, and then they told him about this flower and that it grew nowhere else in the United States. Only in Japan was there a

flower that was anything like it. Since then four men have been in to see it in bloom, the two Boyntons, Harbason, and Kelsey. He could not fail in his knowledge for he has always been here, and this settlement is so small. So we are the first outside women to have seen *Shortia* in bloom in its own habitat! Isn't that worth our long journey?

The day following our arrival here we had the team hitched up for us at ten o'clock and we started with George, the colored boy, for driver and Mr. A—— for guide, to see some big timber, some tulip trees, as we called them—poplars, as he called them. Going up the river a mile, we had to ford; but the water looked so deep Caroline and I preferred to walk the log over which the water swashed just a little. On the other side we got into the wagon for a little while, but directly we got out to walk up the hill which was too steep for the little thin horses to pull us up. So we got in and out according to the road and the fords, for we forded six times, and when there was a log we generally took it.

At an open field we left George and the horses at twenty minutes past eleven, telling him to wait until we got back, and that we did not know how long we should be gone. We followed a trail for awhile, then scrambled through a rhododendron thicket and came to the creek, forty feet across. Mr. A—— knew of this and said the only way to get us across was to fell timber. He took off his shoes, rolled up his trousers, and waded across. After a few minutes we heard the sharp blows of an axe. He had selected his tree and begun work. The chips flew as he kept on. Finally the tree began to sway, totter, and—crash! over it came across the river; an ash tree, eighty feet high and ninety years old (as Caroline afterwards computed by the rings), felled to make a footway for us! We crossed one at a time with Mr. A——'s help, the log lying eight feet above the foaming water. Then we walked on through rhododendron thickets and through some open places and crossed a very steep bluff, where we had to go one at a time with Mr. A——'s help. Indeed in

some places he went first and left his axe and the camera, then came back and took one of us over and then the other. He was somewhat surprised at our persistency and the ability we showed in getting over a "rough country," and I think we gave a favorable impression of northern ladies; for we must have been the first he had ever seen under such conditions.

Finally we came to the big timber—tulip trees, circumference sixteen and a half feet; chestnut trees, circumference fourteen feet; liquidambar, circumference nine feet; rhododendron, twenty-one inches in circumference. These were not guesses, for Caroline had her measuring tape. Mr. A—— guessed on the poplars that they were one hundred and twenty-five feet high and seventy-five to eighty feet to the first branch.

But the *Shortia*! Beds of it! Banks of it! The ground was carpeted with it; large leaves, and such a luxuriant growth! For



GUIDE IN FRONT OF TULIP-TREE. *SHORTIA* ON THE GROUND.

all that the leaves are evergreen they have a remarkably fresh and bright look, as if they were a new year's growth. No rustiness or dullness, as if they had weathered a winter. We saw some flowers, but not a great many. Growing so much in the shade these flowers were later in blossoming; but it was a great deal to us to see these masses of plants.

We made our way back to George and the



SHORTIA-BED.

horses and found them just as we had left them — headed away from home. It was ten minutes of three, and we had been gone three hours and a half. Reaching the house at four, we had some biscuits and hot milk, and started out for another walk down the river bank among thickets of the rhododendron. We went to the post-office, kept by a widow, and there her two little girls told us there were "blooms over yonder on the branch," and we started off with them for another look at "little coltsfoot." The banks were simply covered with it. The woods had been cut off, so the plants were somewhat exposed to the sun. The consequence was they had not the rich, full leafy growth we saw in the woods this morning, but they had many more buds. In a week's time the

ground will be literally white with blossoms; and the little folks, three of them with us, kept saying the blooms would be "right pretty," and why couldn't we stay to see them, or why couldn't we come back.

The children are so pretty in their manners and so helpful, and their parents are so friendly that we feel sorry to leave the little valley, quite apart from saying good-bye to Shortia. The people are very poor, simply farmers, and to us the land looks so unpromising. And they have so little to do with! They think it a wonder that we should have known of their flower and have come so far to see it. But it is worth the journey, and I am indeed glad that I have at last been able to bring to pass the wish of the last six years of my life.

## CUT-WORKS, NEW AND OLD.

BY ADA STERLING.



NE may scarcely pick up a piece of ancient needlework without a quick recognition of the symbolism upon which its every stitch and form is built, and to the expression of which every line or dot or curve is devoted. Generally its message is religious, and similar in the form-vehicle to that shown in stone, wood, or metal ornament; for all ornamental designs, whether for dress or edifice or monument, are built upon allegory, emblem forms, or spring from an attempt to perpetuate great deeds or to express some given thought. In such needlework by early European workers as has been preserved for a half-dozen centuries, religious emblems were wrought almost exclusively. Not merely did these reflect the Christian thought; they repeated the mitre form of sacerdotal head-dresses, and reproduced the insignia of priesthood irrespective of the creed it represented.

Before the age of painting as we know it, in a time when, to quote the gifted author of "Ave Roma Immortalis," goldsmithing was the highest known art or craft (for artists then were prouder to win the title of craftsmen than any other), the making of cut-works as a fine art in Italy was an employment of great popularity. The works figured everywhere upon the robes of the rich and distinguished, and upon the altar cloths of the churches, and were then, as now, immensely valued possessions.

Historians of needlework, as an isolated branch of industry, all agree in complacently

ascribing the designs that appear upon the rich products of the European workers of the middle ages to the examples furnished by the wares of itinerant Byzantine and Moorish tradesmen, who landed from time to time in Italy in search of patrons. But Mr. Crawford, who is no mean oracle and who, seemingly, is panoplied with authority for his belief, declares the handiwork of the Byzantines and neighboring nations to have been cruder than that of native Italian work-

ers, though infinitely more pretentious with its gold threads and garish, fantastical forms—to him, expressionless.

However this may be, the needlework specimens of 1200 to 1450 that have been preserved to the present day defy all attempt to limit their origin to the ingenuity of a single race or fusion of races. Every-

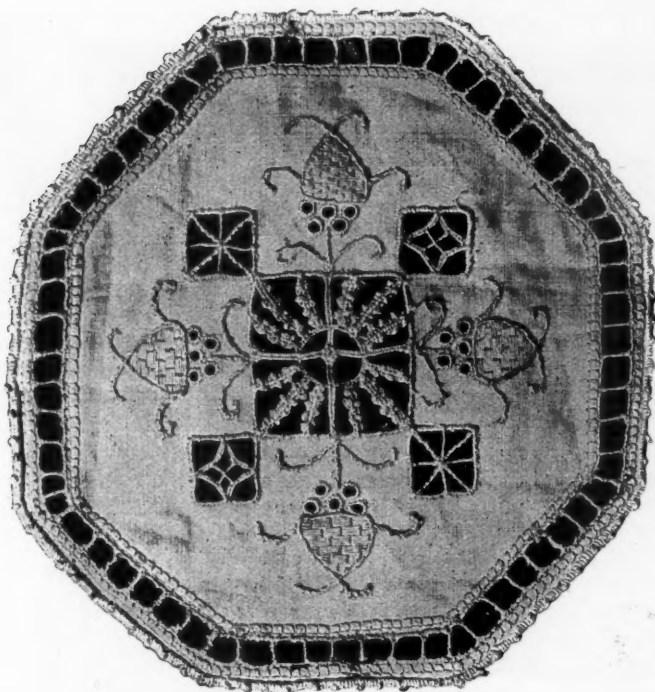
where in old ornamented fabrics, features appear that are familiar to eyes most trained to the recognition of Christian symbols, and learned folk have drawn therefrom conclusions that would make such ornament an expression of the faith that has changed the world in less than two thousand years.

In fact, the most familiar of these emblems antedate the foundation of the faith itself and are found mingling with the symbols of the myriad races that peopled the rounding southern shore of the Mediterranean, as well as those of the Persians and the East Indians. Every religion has mothered innumerable forms of expressive ornament, both in color and in form. Mohammedanism is the one great cult that seems to have failed to im-



SPECIMEN OF CUT-WORK [1550]. FROM COLLECTION AT METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.





A CUT-WORK DOILY, SYMBOLIC DESIGN.

press an individual symbolism upon the crafts practised by its followers. These wrought upon their banners, upon their robes, and upon the hangings of their temple rich embroideries, it is true, but their forms were individual fantasies rather than expressions of denominational tenets; crescents, such as the worshipers of Tanit loved, or the golden sun which, indeed, the Hebrews also used, and later the Christians adopted, having within its center the triangle and the name of God, the Triune, within it inscribed in Hebrew. But the sun-form is derived from the ancient sun-worship — the first influence to which life responds, as every flowering season tells. So to trace commonly familiar symbols through their various changes to their source were a task beyond the limitations of this paper.

Suffice to say that ancient needlework is massed with a symbolism as interesting to the student as the most over-written palimpsest. Prominent among the designs is the pomegranate burst open, a form that to Eastern

nations was early a symbol of immortality, the promise lying in the full gathering of seed revealed within the parted petals. The ring, significant of unending time, of eternity, and cross-forms to the number of twenty or more were commonly employed by oriental workers. Even today they form the basic design of certain oriental rugs. In the purest Arabesque designs of early needlework, the cross *fleurie* (blossoming) appears prominently, a fact which, if traced, would lead into a very labyrinth of poetry and romance. Wagner makes use of a legend of this cross in his story of *Tannhäuser*, whose redemption might not be accomplished until, nourished by the tears of penitence, the brown staff, a pilgrim's cross, begins to blossom.

Again, the lotus, five-petaled, and sometimes having but three, symbolized coming plenitude, a reward, a future life. It has been appropriated with its original significance by Christian worshipers and mingles undisputed with their symbols.



COMBINATION OF MODERN CUT-WORK AND SAXONY LACE

In needlework forms none save appliqué has been found so reflective of symbolic forms as the cut-work. It may be generally accepted that the primitive cut-works, rich in gold thread and often done upon the costliest of silken foundations, were derived from African or Persian sources, coming by way of the sea to Spain. Traversing that Catholic country, developing there for several centuries, the designs were practically already Christianized by the time they reached Italy. Here, in the kingdoms ruled by the Catholic Church, which to the time of the Reformation was practically the single guardian and transmitter of the gospel of Christ, the varied cross-forms seen in Eastern ornament were diminished to two. These were the Calvary cross and the Latin, the latter made with a pedestal composed of three steps, charity, hope, and faith, named in the order in which they ascend. These are the forms that have remained, almost exclusively, in use upon the needleworks of

Italy, though the Maltese and Greek crosses, and the cross *pâtée* (literally, split—it resembles a square, with cleft corners and is not unlike the Maltese form) still continue favorites for metal-workers, jewellers, wood-carvers, and others, all three forms being available for setting within a square or circle.

Appliqués, or applied figures, cut out in one material and laid over another of contrasting color, to which they were secured by gold, silver, or silk threads, were the immediate predecessors of cut-works as a form of dress ornamentation, in so far as may be traced. Doubtless, too, slashing, a method of dress ornamentation that may be observed advantageously in old pictures, had its part in exciting the ingenuity of needlewomen and the makers of cut-works in particular. Slashed trimmings, on sleeves, and “trunks” of velvet were in vogue for many centuries. They generally revealed undergarments or linings of delicacy. At times the slashed

sides were eyeletted and laces of lute-string were introduced.

As open needlework advanced, the slashes slowly gave place to lace, embroidered, or cut-work bands. Appliqué forms, especially

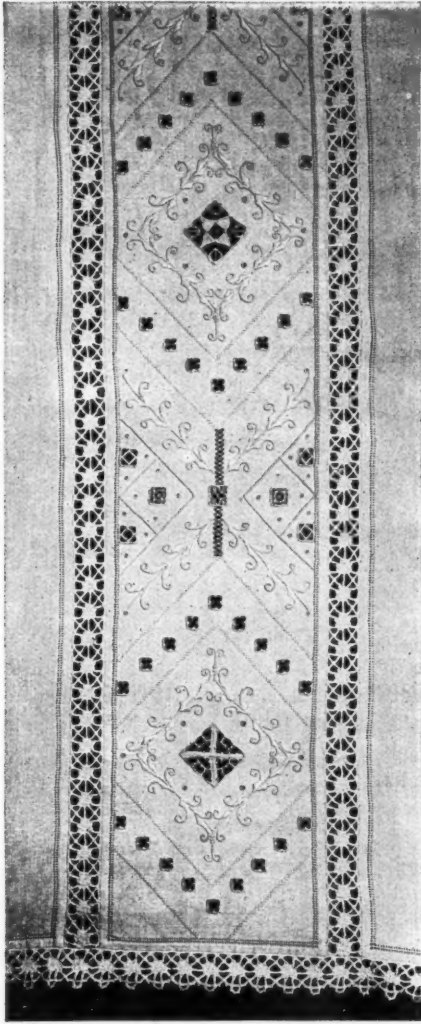
Biblical narrative. A walking panorama was this godly man, remarks the writer.

In the middle ages appliqué was found to be a form of dress ornament that lent itself well to royal fabrics, velvet, silk, and costly jewels. In Holbein's portrait of Lady Jane Grey the petticoat is said to be of white, elaborately wrought with gold figured appliqué.

Appliqué is illusive in its suggestion of openwork, and cut-works, that reveal a dark or different background when laid upon silk or other foundation, very naturally succeeded it as fine needlework became more generally developed and practised. The drawing of threads and the open effects, resulting from a stitching back of these, may well have suggested the later cutting away of the material itself and the filling in of the holes thus made with fancy stitching. The fascination of this pattern-evolving led soon to the making of lace with threads and needles, and with bobbins, an ornamental fabric made wholly independent of the weaver.

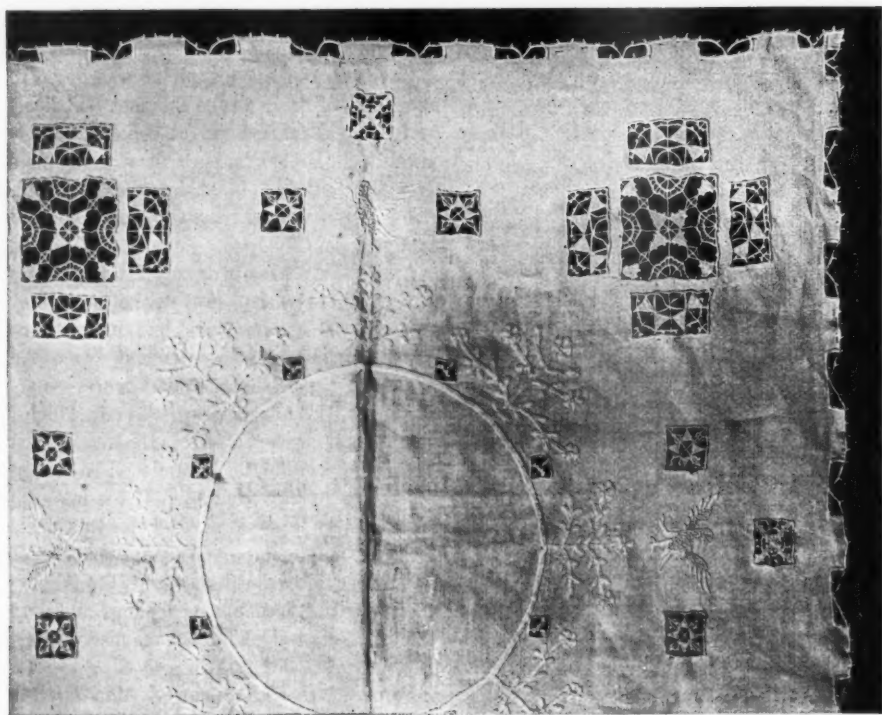
For centuries all openwork done by the needleworkers was designated *lacis*. Even the darned nets of the north of England in the ninth century were so termed; and, at that time, the noble wives and maidens of Britain and of Ireland already, if their legends of war and of peace and of romantic wooing may be trusted, were accomplished embroideresses, who plied their needles upon the garments of husband or lover, to while away the lonely hours of waiting for their absent heroes, while the vagrant bard lingered to sing to them.

Within a score or more of years cut-works have been revived in Italy, in England and in France, and last in America, until today the making of this needlework is become a thriving industry, both artistically and commercially, among a class of educated native workers whose needlework ranks well when brought into comparison with foreign product. The introduction of this industry in America is due to the indefatigable efforts of some of the leading spirits of the New York Decorative Art Society. These have opened classes for instruction in the work under competent



ONE OF THREE BANDS IN CUT-WORK BED-SPREAD,  
MADE BY THE DECORATIVE ART WORKERS.

upon linens and wool-stuffs, were already commonly made and worn in Rome in early Christian times. One writer, W. G. P. Townsend, tells of a toga worn by a Christian senator, upon which there were six hundred or more applied figures representing



A REPRESENTATIVE OLD MODEL OF SYMBOLISM IN NEEDLEWORK, REPRODUCED EXACTLY BY AMERICAN WORKERS.  
CHARACTERISTIC BORDER.

teachers, and, what is of as great value, have established a market for the sale of the finished work. The school, in the beginning, gave its instruction gratis, exacting only patient study on the part of its pupils and a faithfulness to the traditional excellence with which the early cut-works were made that would preclude the applying of the old cut-work stitches to flippant or insignificant and so-called modernized designs. In its adherence to the antique examples the school of the society has been inexorable and in this way it has kept clear for the product of its best workers a market supported by exacting connoisseurs of wealth.

The models used are wholly antique, faithfully followed as to stitch and symbol forms. They are collected for the society's use by Miss Johnson, a wealthy amateur who resides abroad, and who is probably the best informed American woman of her time on the subject of fine cut-works. The product

of the school of the New York society is costly, a fit adornment for the palaces which multiply in this country. It is made upon a basis of soft Italian linen. A single doily represents the work of days. A bed-spread of linen, not over elaborate, cannot be produced with cut-work ornamentation under from three hundred to five hundred dollars. Upon it are spent the time and fancy of gentlewomen, for it is from this class that the finest needleworkers have always been recruited.

Perhaps the most valuable of the illustrations here given, in point of historic accuracy and perfect representation of the symbolic in the needlecraft that is being fostered under this association of art patrons, is the communion or tea-cloth (for it may serve either purpose) of which a corner is herewith reproduced.

Every feature in the design is a symbol. Beginning with the ring in the center, em-

blem of eternity, the little squares will be seen to be filled in with a triumphal cross, and through it a sceptre. These tiny figures are wrought in buttonhole stitch, with sparse picots exactly as are the brides in the coarser Italian laces.\* The edges of the little squares are stayed with the same stitch.

Beyond and springing from the circle is the palm-tree, symbol of martyrdom. At the four sides, above this tree, a dove is seen with outstretched wings, emblem of lowliness and of holiness. At each side of this symbol is an open square, repeating the

\*See "The Making of Venice Laces," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN MAGAZINE for December, 1901.—EDITOR.

crown and sceptre symbol. Above the dove is another square in which the Greek cross is incorporated with a crown of thorns. In the oblong ornaments to the large open-work corners, the half-crown of triumph reappears, the sceptre thrust through it, and mingling with the design is the thinner crown of thorns. Buttonhole, satin, seed, and sometimes couching stitches are used in ornamental cut-works. Drawn-work and occasionally thread laces are associated with linen in some of the lighter articles made, but designs composed solely of cut-work stitches upon fine linen are of greatest artistic value.

## THE AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR CIVIC IMPROVEMENT.

BY E. G. ROUTZAHN.



HE opening years of the newest century of the Christian era have been notable for the popular attention given to many phases of home and public betterment. This trend of a vital interest that seeks tangible expression through organized coöperative effort, promises to give distinctive character to the records of the present decade.

During the half century since the historic Stockbridge "village improvement society" successfully sought to rescue one New England community from its deadly dreariness, there has been increasing evidence of a desire to accomplish similar results in towns and cities throughout the land. But not until the fall of 1900 did this spirit attain the proportions and continuous vitality of a movement. Professional and class organizations of national prominence and influence have long been engaged in their chosen fields. But the people's movement, following lines of least resistance in the respective communities in support of correlated social and educational betterment, first took organized shape in the year named.

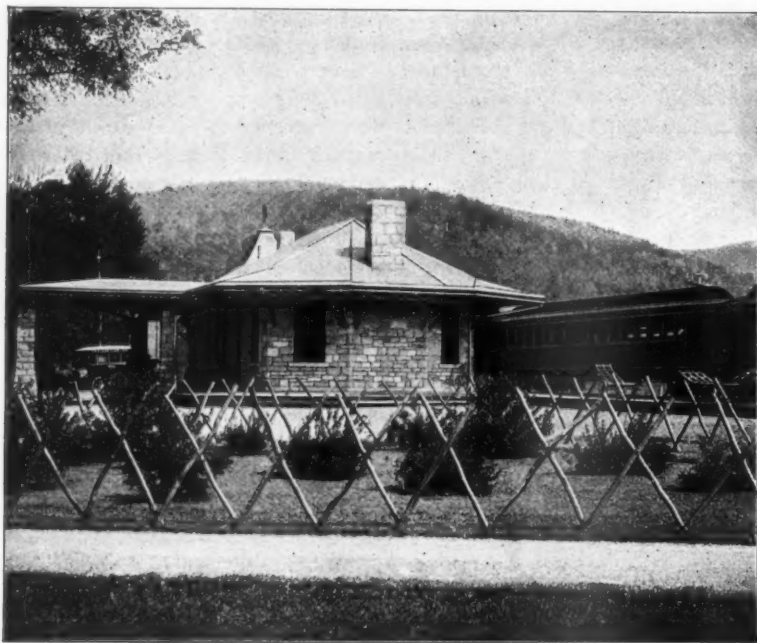
Correspondence, stimulated by a series of magazine articles, prompted a score of enthusiastic men and women to form them-

selves into a national league of improvement associations, with headquarters located at Springfield, Ohio, by virtue of financial guarantees made by local supporters of the movement.

As the months went by, the propaganda of this sturdy though youthful organization discovered numerous isolated and unknown local societies, and led to the forming of many new ones. A social program with an enumeration of objects, startling in its length and breadth; established the claim of the organization as a "civic trust." The endorsement given by the affiliation of state and local bodies seeking widely diverse ends made clear that a people's "community of interest" had been brought about.

Ten months with a crowded record of articles published, literature circulated, letters written, and meetings held preceded the first annual convention, held at Buffalo during August, 1901. Representative delegations from national, state, and local bodies spent three days in discussing mutual interests and common meeting-points, with two significant results. The first was the expansion of the original body into the American League for Civic Improvement. With the new name were accepted enlarged responsibilities and





A DEPOT AFTER ATTENTION BY AN IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

a much broader policy. The directorate was enlarged and became more representative, geographically and by reason of the official connections of those accepting office.

The most spectacular feature of the Buffalo convention was the proposal that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition include a municipal art and science exhibit, so arranged as to form a concrete illustration of a "model city." This Americanization of an old-world idea will "give the fair a distinction, feature it with a purpose calculated at once to awaken keen interest throughout the land." The complementary idea, a "model farm" exhibit, has since been suggested and outlined by the League and will probably be adopted by the exposition management. Thus quickly did the spirit of the organization inspire ideas of far-reaching import and give influential support towards their adoption.

The arguments in favor of the two "model" exposition exhibits are summarized in the following resolutions:

#### "THE MODEL CITY."

WHEREAS, The movement for better administered and more beautiful cities and for better homes in our country, inaugurated by the American League for Civic Improvement, is attracting wide-spread attention, and, if properly encouraged, will do much for the higher life of our nation; and,

WHEREAS, There is needed a practical illustration of the principles of home and city making which may be studied by large numbers of people; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we respectfully urge the authorities of the St. Louis Exposition to plan for a "Model City" along the lines proposed by the American League for Civic Improvement, and since developed by conferences of leading workers representing the League and allied organizations.

This action is taken in the belief that such an exhibit would make the Exposition unique among such organizations, and would increase materially the number of attendants at the Exposition, thus adding to its success, and would greatly influence the development of our country.

#### "THE MODEL FARM."

WHEREAS, There is a great need of increasing the attractiveness of life in villages and rural neighborhoods throughout the land, of affording improved educational opportunities for children and adults, of providing for better highways and other means of communication, of



CORNER IN GROUNDS OF WESTINGHOUSE AIR BRAKE COMPANY, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

securing the proper preservation of forests, and of otherwise making ample provision for the social, educational, and business interests of the dwellers in small towns and in the country, and

WHEREAS, There is an increasing desire among influential bodies and publications to secure concerted effort to this end; and

WHEREAS, The inhabitants of the cities and of the country have many unrecognized interests in common; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we hereby respectfully suggest the adoption of the proposal of the American League for Civic Improvement, that, in conjunction with the municipal art and science exhibit, planned for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and popularly known as "The Model City," provision be made for an exhibit which shall exemplify the important relations existing between the city and the country, which shall illustrate sanitary building and esthetic surroundings for homes and school buildings, and which shall demonstrate in compact and graphic form the latest developments in the betterment of country conditions.

We believe the adoption of this plan would result in immeasurably superior attention to rural interests and lead to a largely increased attendance upon the exposition, and the wider and more intelligent study of the social problems of farm and village.

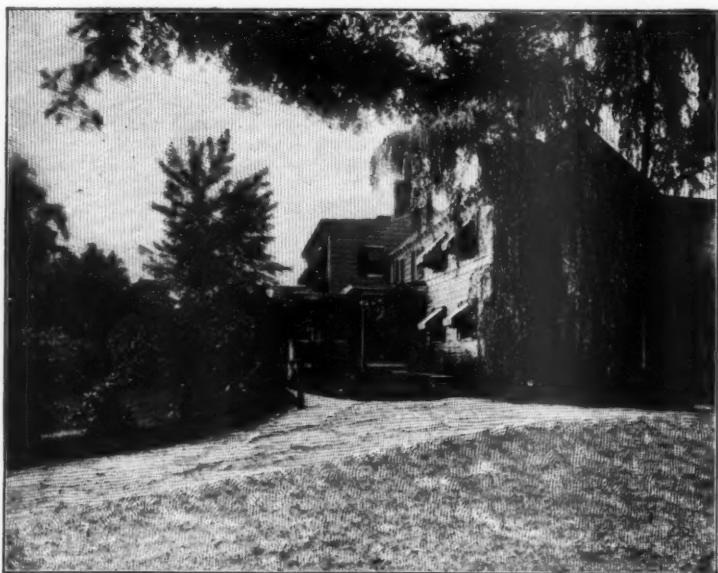
During the ten months succeeding the gathering at Buffalo the League had been actively engaged in the work of education and organization, with the encouragement

which comes from an overwhelming correspondence and apparently unlimited possibilities. A broad, unoccupied field has been opened up, and the growth of the organization and the extension of its work have fully justified the original proposition to serve as a clearing house and to act as a federating agency for widely diverse interests.

The significance of this new century movement, with its avowed intention of serving all organizations and supplanting none, may be seen in the following statement by its president, Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago:

"The protest which is being made today against the multiplication of organizations certainly does not apply to anything in the nature of a federation. The economy of combination in the industrial field is sometimes neutralized by the danger of monopoly. Where mutual assistance is the aim and competition is absent, there can be gain only in unison, and especially is this so if individual initiative and local self-government are maintained as in a federal system. Such an organization is the American League for Civic Improvement, including in its membership societies, individuals, and commercial firms."

In its practical application this comprehensive federation seeks to serve as a bureau



A HOME IN MONTCLAIR, ILLUSTRATING THE WORK OF VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT.

for the dissemination of ideas and information, and to direct attention to special needs. The organization would emphasize the best methods and conduct an extensive propaganda by means of a carefully directed platform agitation, and the wise use of educational literature and an active news service. From the beginning the plan of work has included the furnishing of data for speakers and writers and the preparation of programs and special studies. The dearth of accessible reference material and literature for wide circulation has led to the preparation of valuable bibliographies and and helpful campaign material. Likewise, a special service has been rendered manufacturers and publishers by cultivating a demand for appliances and publications and directing inquirers to the best sources. Important local organization has been effected by means of correspondence and the personal service of officers and speakers representing the League.

A limited amount of experimental field-work has shown this feature to be worthy the best attention possible. Entire state organizations have been influenced through convention addresses and conferences where a representative has personally met the

leaders in that particular commonwealth. In not a few cases an important service was rendered by making clear to the workers that actual achievement could already be credited to their efforts. In other instances simple correlation of interests has led to rapid and permanent expansion.

In all of these diverse applications tremendous gain has come from the inspiration born of contact with the broad field of varied human interest, with the possibility of developing the subject or activity which met the largest local response.

The latest step in the elaboration of the machinery of the movement has been made necessary by the increase of appeals involving technical knowledge. The outcome is a series of "sections," each under the direction of a representative advisory council which constitutes, for most practical purposes, a working federation of the more prominent organizations and leading interests in the respective fields. These expert counselors, so far as announced, are as follows:

Arts and Crafts: Mrs. Condé Hamlin, recently president of St. Paul's famous Woman's Civic League; B. B. Thresher, Dayton, Ohio; Henry Turner Bailey, North Scituate, Massachusetts; George Wertbrecht, St. Paul; Miss Ella R. Waite, Chicago.

Civic Church: Graham Taylor, of Chicago Commons Settlement; Richard T. Ely, University of Wisconsin; Charles R. Henderson, University of Chicago; John Willis Baer, Boston.

Libraries and Museums: John Thompson, Philadelphia Free Library; Walter L. Brown, Buffalo; Miss M. E. Aherns, editor *Public Libraries*, Chicago.

Municipal Art: Albert Kelsey, of the Architectural League of America, Philadelphia; Dwight H. Perkins, Chicago; Charles Mulford Robinson, Rochester; John Duncan, Chicago.

Municipal Reform: Clinton Rodgers Woodruff, secretary National Municipal League, Philadelphia; Robert E. Eby, Cambridge, Massachusetts; John Martin, New York; John Graham Brooks, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Parks (out-door art): Charles M. Loring, president Minnesota Forestry Association, Minneapolis; Dr. M. D. Mann, Buffalo; H. R. Warder, Chicago.

Preservation of Nature (including forestry): Edward Hagaman Hall, of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, New York; Miss Mira Loyd Dock, Harrisburg; C. A. Schenck, Biltmore, North Carolina.

Public Nuisances (smoke, advertising): Charles H. Benjamin, supervising engineer, Cleveland; W. H. Moulton, Cleveland.

Public Recreation (gymnasia, playgrounds, baths): Miss M. Eleanor Tarrant, Girls' High School, Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Beulah Kennard, Pittsburg; D. C. Heath, Boston; Miss Sadie American, New York.

Rural Improvement (good roads, schools, farm houses, country churches): John Craig, Cornell College of Agriculture, Ithaca; L. Wolverton, Grimsby, Ontario; Thomas H. McBride, Iowa City, Iowa; Miss Louise Klein Miller, Groton, Massachusetts.

Sanitation: Dr. Justus Ohage, health commissioner, St. Paul; Dr. Bayard Holmes, Chicago; Dr. C. V. Chapin,

Providence; M. N. Baker, New York; Mrs. E. H. Richards, Boston.

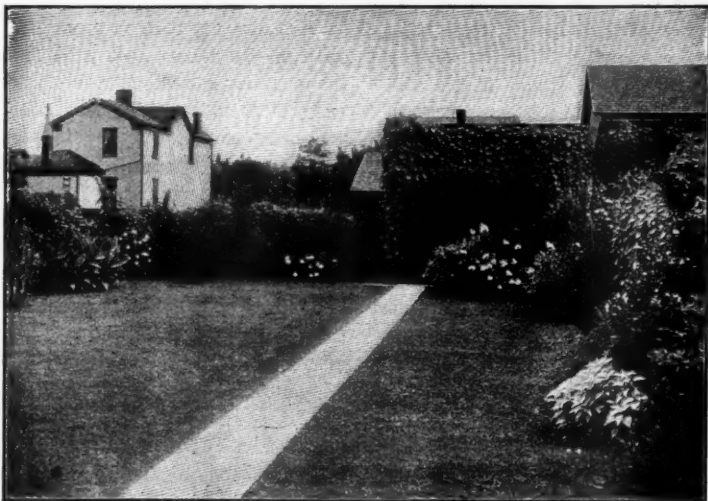
School Extension (free lectures, vacation schools, parents' associations): Joseph Lee, of Massachusetts Civic League, Boston; Henry M. Leipziger, New York; Mrs. O. T. Bright, Chicago; Frank Chapin Bray, Chautauqua, New York.

Social Settlements: Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago; Star Cadwallader, Cleveland; Miss Anna Davies, Philadelphia.

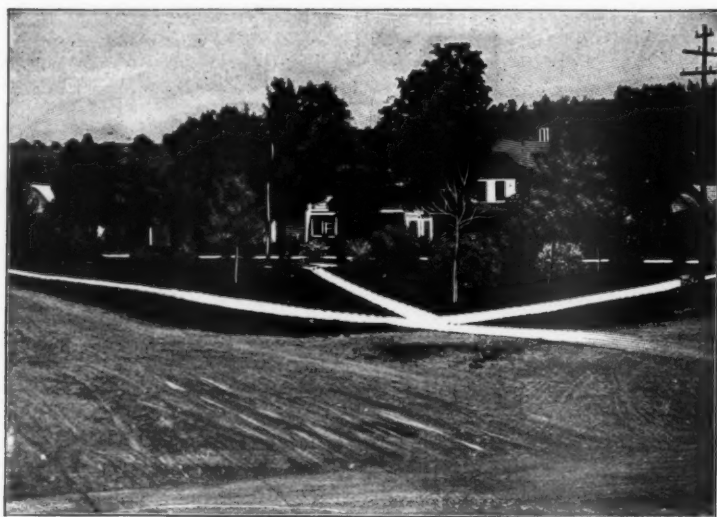
Village Improvement: Mrs. E. B. Heard, director Carnegie Traveling Libraries, Middleton, Georgia; Miss Jessie May Good, Springfield, Ohio; H. B. Beck, Austin, Texas.

This array of names means that twoscore and more of ablest specialists are closely watching the wide field of civic improvement and contributing the results to the common fund of information. With the American League for Civic Improvement as a distributing agency, the lone pioneer worker and the influential civic club, whether located in New Mexico or New England, may share equally in the benefits of this wide reaping of practical knowledge. The section councils serve in a general advisory capacity, and aid in gathering data, recommending literature, preparing special publications, and in the suggestion of illustrative material and wise methods of propaganda.

The months succeeding the Buffalo convention have been noteworthy for the variety of local organizations effected. Most important



BACK YARD IN SOUTH PARK, DAYTON, OHIO.



PARK SCENE IN HONESDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

(Showing what a Village Improvement Association has made of a former Frog Pond.)

is the St. Louis League for Civic Improvement, brought into being by the American League and its local correspondent, Mrs. Louis Marion McCall, "designed to unite the efforts of all citizens who wish to make St. Louis a better place to live in."

A chain of influence has led to the four years' program of improvement inaugurated by Portland, Oregon, in preparation for an exposition in 1905. A letter or two from the far away eastern headquarters of the American League for Civic Improvement prompted Mrs. C. B. Wade, of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, to "pass on" some of the inspiration of the movement. This message found a welcome, a couple of hundred miles distant, in the heart of one of Portland's younger business men. Mr. G. M. Hyland extended an eastern trip to include a visit to Dayton, Ohio, famed for its "backyards," interviewed an officer of the American League, and returned to put the plans suggested into operation. The Lewis and Clark Civic League followed, with elaborate and well-organized propaganda.

Typical instances of coöperation based on a commercial appreciation of the results are the aggressive campaigns conducted by the Business Men's Club of Pawtucket, Rhode

Island, and the Board of Trade of Meridian, Mississippi. Newspaper participation in Meridian, St. Louis, Cleveland, and notably Joliet, Illinois, where the *News* office became the center of social as well as business gatherings in furtherance of the local movement, illustrate attractive opportunities offered by the extension of improvement interest.

Not only the cities, but many of the smaller communities have laid hold of popular interest and begun a new era of wholesome growth. Both east and west from beyond the mountain guardians of the great central valley of the nation, personal visits, literature and correspondence have together led dwellers in villages to get together for their own good and that of generations to follow.

The League is coöperating with Chautauqua, notably in the program for "Public Beauty Week," August 17-23, and holding in addition daily conferences and councils on League topics for all who may be especially interested. The annual convention of the League will be held in St. Paul, September 17, 18, and 19 this year, upon invitation of the Women's Civic League of that city. All correspondence should be addressed to The American League for Civic Improvement, Springfield, Ohio.



## APROPOS OF A STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT FOR AMERICA.

BY EDWIN ERLE SPARKS, PH. D.



HERE was unveiled recently in the city of Washington a statue of Rochambeau, the commander of the French troops in the American Revolutionary war.\* A party of distinguished Frenchmen, including descendants of Rochambeau, attended the ceremonies as guests of the United States. Perhaps this gave rise to the impression generally prevalent that the statue was a gift from France. On the contrary, it was paid for entirely by appropriations from Congress. The Emperor of Germany may have been under the same delusion. In any event, he proposes to checkmate France by presenting to us a statue of his territorial progenitor, Frederick the Great of Prussia. If the present rage in Europe for courting the commercial coquette of the West should continue, we may lack park space to accommodate the gifts. Although the canons of good taste as well as American good humor will demand an acceptance of the statue of Frederick, the American public may be pardoned if it inquires what justification exists in the attitude of Frederick toward our Revolutionary ancestors.

Of the monarchs of Europe, Frederick the Great of Prussia was at that time one of the most striking if not important. Even the American colonists knew of the changes he had wrought in the map of Europe during the thirty-five years of his reign. His career was unprecedented; his individuality was unique; his ambitions were merciless. His sayings were current in the Colonies. John Adams was accustomed to quote his maxims about war. One of his epigrams was used as a motto by the *Boston Gazette* for years. The peaked face and high shoulders of the "King of Prussia" ornamented many a tavern sign in America. In hammering the

unruly colonial militia into an army, drill masters tried to imitate the example of Frederick and his disciplined troops, of whom an enthusiastic American agent in Berlin once wrote home: "When the king reviews an army of 40,000 men, not a man or horse, though the former in full march and the latter in full gallop, is discernibly out of the line. The regiments here are in the field every day, where, besides the general exercise, every man is filed off singly, and passes in review before different officers, who beat his limbs into the position they think proper, so that the man appears to be purely a machine in the hands of a workman." From such a school, Steuben and DeKalb came to teach the Americans military tactics.

Of the European nations, France alone—France, the ancient enemy of Britain, despoiled by her in the last war—would harbor the colonial agents. Paris thus became the base of their diplomatic campaigns. Soon after Silas Deane, the Connecticut schoolmaster-diplomat, the forerunner of American ambassadors, reached Paris, he suggested to the Continental Congress the advisability of sending an agent to Berlin. "Prussia, ever pursuing her own interests, needs but be informed of some facts relative to America's increasing commerce to favor us." Frederick was undoubtedly desirous of developing the commercial interests of his kingdom; but Frederick with no ocean-going vessels and but one important port, would not be vitally interested in America's trade. He had the wisdom to admit that his was not a maritime power. This conviction not only influenced his entire attitude toward the American cause, but also formed a haven of excuse whenever he found it desirable to seek refuge from importunate American agents.

Not only Deane, but Arthur Lee, William

\*See illustration and comment in *Highways and Byways*, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for July.—EDITOR.

Lee, Izard, and other colonial representatives as they arrived in Paris and studied the situation thought that Frederick would be influenced by his attachment to Louis of France. Franklin alone refused to grow enthusiastic over the Prussian prospect. Owing to the influence of the long reign of Louis XIV. on Europe, the education of Frederick had been conducted entirely in French. He delighted in the French classics. He even attempted verse in that language. Of German he knew little; of English still less. Latin his father forbade.

On the other hand, he was extremely jealous of the maritime supremacy of England. Her overbearing attitude irritated him. Related to the reigning family though he was, and leagued with the kingdom as he had been in the Seven Years' War, he would hail, it was to be supposed, a revolt which would deprive her of some of her colonies, and would welcome a war which would impair her commerce. The longer the war, the more the damage would be. Especially agreeable would be a war between England and France, which might in the end annihilate the commerce of each and allow the ships of neutrals an opportunity. If Louis XVI. chose to get himself into a war with Britain by aiding her rebellious colonists and so ruin his commerce, why, that was Louis's own affair. At least, it was Frederick's part to be neutral.

To remain neutral was not an easy matter when the continent was overrun by persistent agents who could not or would not take a diplomatic hint of the desirability of their presence at some other court. So desperate were these agents in seeking secret alliance, trade, and loans that Berlin could not remain safe from invasion, and Potsdam scarcely so. Thus it chanced one spring day of 1777, that Schulenberg, minister to Frederick, was disturbed by a notification from Paris that the American agents there had the commands of the Congress of the United States to send a minister to the respected court of his monarch with all convenient expedition, properly empowered to treat upon affairs of importance. In the

meantime, they offered free commerce to Prussia, and begged that the latter would not aid their enemies or allow mercenary troops to be transported across Prussia to be sent to America.

Dr. Arthur Lee, a member of the Virginia family, who had been practising law in London, but had crossed to Paris when the war broke out, was selected for the first Berlin mission. He sent an apology to Schulenberg for his delay in setting out and was assured by that minister in a brief reply that he had no reason to distress himself on account of this delay, and that he could not be reproached with want of zeal for the interests of his constituents because he had deferred for some time an affair, the success of which could most probably be but slow, to manage other matters more important and pressing. This was the welcome which the first American representative received at the court of Frederick the Great. It was true that Lee as American agent had been almost kicked out of Madrid. It was true that the emperor of Germany refused his sister in Paris any commercial aid to the American colonists, saying, "My trade is that of a king." It was true that Dana a little later spent two years trying to get a hearing at the court of Catherine of Russia, and that Izard never succeeded in getting any nearer Tuscany than Paris was. But what an opportunity was lost to Prussia to gain the gratitude of the descendants of these needy colonists by giving their representative at least a toleration such as little Holland granted them!

The extremity of the American cause would not allow its agents to be hindered by a low temperature. Lee persisted in going to Berlin, although a well-known rule of diplomacy forbade a representative being pressed upon a court when an intimation had been given that he would not be acceptable. Schulenberg, adopting new tactics, permitted Lee to remain. "Your residence in Berlin will not be at all disagreeable to the King provided you live here as an individual and without assuming a public character."

The prospects of the Americans had bright-

ened somewhat in the field, and Prussia was not the one to be left out of the list of American benefactors if the rebels should succeed in maintaining their independent existence. To tolerate an agent unrecognized could not give warrantable offense to Britain on the one hand, while it would win a degree of American gratitude on the other. But to every appeal of Lee that Prussia should follow the example of France and privately allow American cruisers to come into her ports to sell prizes, in return for which Prussian vessels could trade with American ports, answer was made that Prussia was not a maritime power, could not benefit by any American trade, and must suffer if drawn into a war with England. John Adams in Paris could rejoin that if Prussia had no maritime interests and no seaports, she had nothing to risk in a war with Britain on the sea, while on the land her army was superior to that of England even if the latter were not hampered by another war.

If one could see back of the ministers to the great King, he would probably find that the Prussian monarch knew little and cared less for the Americans. This war was far removed from the battle-grounds of Europe with which he was only too familiar. The cause of the rebels — "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" — was utterly beyond his comprehension if not outside his knowledge. He was said to have expressed a profound admiration for Washington in the conduct of the siege of Boston. One searches the letters of the American general in vain for a reciprocal feeling. The story of Frederick sending a sword to him with a pompous sentiment is entirely apocryphal.

Only when some incident occurred which gave Frederick a chance to turn cynic, as when Lee's letter-box was stolen and rifled by Elliot, the British minister to Prussia, did he give any attention to the ignored American agent residing in Berlin. The theft made a noise and Elliot confessed, as Frederick wrote to Count Maltzan. "It was properly a public theft" [and therefore beyond reach of the municipal law]. "I

might have forbidden him the court according to the laws of nations, which he so richly deserved. But having told his fault and having submitted his person and his sentence to my discretion and my generosity, I did not wish to push things to an extreme and confined myself to notifying him through my ministers of the impropriety and lawlessness of his conduct." Small wonder that the American representatives at times felt themselves "the unprotected prey to the chicanery of European courts." Lee tried to get a personal audience with the king to secure advantage of the sympathy which any other monarch would have felt for him after the robbery. But Frederick referred the despoiled American to his ministers and contented himself with cursing England and the court which produced such a diplomatic thief.

The only result of Lee's six weeks' residence in Berlin was permission to buy some arms from the royal contractors, which, according to Schulenberg, were good as to solidarity but lacked the uniformity which the King demanded. In order to aid the cause, Lee at a later time purchased 800 Prussian fusils and confessed himself "outrageously imposed upon." They were of an old pattern, resembled old rejected muskets, and would not be accepted even by the militia in America, as Lee complained to Schulenberg. His complaint was regarded as little less than an insult by the Prussian minister and no redress was ever given.

Frederick had ardently professed to the French his hope that they would don their cuirasses, aid the colonists in becoming free, and retake Canada, but his actions failed to supplement his wishes. The first step would be to recognize the Americans as belligerents; otherwise they would be outside the protection which the law of nations prescribes for international warfare. On the high seas they would be treated as pirates. According to the usages of nations, a friendly neutral cannot permit the passage through her territory of troops designed for immediate warfare. When Frederick said he would impose the tax required for cattle upon the troops from the German principalities cross-

ing his territory en route to England for American service, he was no doubt perpetrating one of his beloved jokes. It was so regarded in Europe. But when he later forbade some troops to pass down the Rhine, he was making a kind of recognition of the Americans as belligerents. They were not satisfied with this recognition. They needed recognition of their independence as a sovereign nation with whom treaties could be made.

Schulenberg had early assured Lee that his country would not be the last to recognize American independence, and later had promised to do so as soon as France should set the pattern. "I propose," wrote Frederick to his brother, "to procrastinate in these negotiations and to go over to the side on which fortune shall declare herself." As soon as Burgoyne's surrender had decided which side of the wall France would fall upon, Schulenberg's promise was remembered and he was notified by the agents in Paris that Henry Lee, brother to Arthur, would be sent to Berlin to accept the promised recognition and make a treaty. "The King cannot possibly conjecture," calmly replied Frederick's minister, "what proposition Mr. Lee can make more acceptable to his majesty, nor consequently what can be the object of his mission." It was soon after this disappointment that the agents collectively wrote to Congress, "The reluctance of Europe leaves America the glory of working out her deliverance by her own virtue and bravery, on which, with God's blessing, we advise you chiefly to depend."

This sudden hardening of heart which Frederick experienced was attributed by the American agents to the outbreak of the tempest in a teapot, "*la petite guerre*," as Frederick called it, between the Emperor Joseph and himself over the Bavarian succession. He must not offend and estrange the German principalities by recognizing the Americans. George III. was elector of one of these. It suddenly suited Frederick to remember this fact. After this excuse was removed by the peace, Frederick fell back upon the old excuse that Prussia was not a

maritime power like France, Spain, and Holland; that she could be of no service to the Americans by making a treaty with them and would only endanger her own interests.

The only concessions which the American agents ever secured from Frederick the Great were the refusal at one time to allow troops from Anspach-Bayreuth to pass down the Rhine through his territory en route to England, and the opening of Prussian trade to Americans upon the same footing as other nations. The latter would have been a benefit in time of peace. It was a mockery in their needy condition.

Was his refusal to allow the German troops to pass his territory actuated by any regard for the Americans or their cause? In his reply to the application of the Margrave of Anspach for such permission he says he is opposed to further wasting of German blood for the defense of foreign rights. Add to this the testimony of his own memoirs wherein he bases his refusal upon his fear lest Germany should be drained of her troops and a war come unexpectedly. He also said that he wished to avenge himself upon England for treatment of him concerning the city and harbor of Dantzic. Yet he confesses that he "did not care to push the matter," since one finds enemies enough without taking the trouble to make them.

Omitting Frederick's intention in prohibiting the passage of the troops, did the results contribute to the success of the American cause? As he himself pointed out to the Margrave, there was another way of reaching England from Mainz. Frederick never kept a single trooper from the ranks of America's enemies except the few that died or deserted in going around the Prussian possessions. His action delayed for a short time the arrival in America of three out of twelve thousand German troops. They continued to come until the closing year of the war. And with his influence he might have prevented any German prince selling a single soldier to recruit the army of King George. Indeed, Elliot, the British minister to Berlin, says that the princes secured the consent



of Frederick before making the bargain. What a difference a single word would have made from the man we are now called upon to see set up in marble as an object lesson in love of country as well as an education in art!

No one can accuse Frederick of not loving his country. He loved her too well to risk anything for the American cause. The only love he gave to the handful of colonists in the American woods was the love one bears for the enemies of his enemies. Perhaps we should be grateful for what he did not do. He might have leagued himself directly to England. He might have given his own magnificently trained army to help put down England's rebellious colonists. He might even have pronounced Washington an incompetent commander. So might have done the empress of Russia, the emperor of Germany,

the king of Sweden, or any of the monarchs who, deaf to the American cause, arranged the selfish "armed neutrality" to pick up and patch together the fragments of marine commerce as they were scattered by the blows of the ocean proprietors, the English, the French, the Spanish, and the Dutch. Frederick was only too glad to join them and so fix permanently his attitude toward the American cause. He has fully as much claim to American remembrance in gratitude as had any members of the armed neutrality. Let the American people not be satisfied until they are offered a full complement of this array of neutral monarchs. But in the meanwhile let not the question be raised from whence a statue is to come of the unfortunate Louis XVI., who was not a neutral and whose blood money, as it proved to be, was spent for the American cause.

## ANITA GARIBALDI.

BY LENA LINDSAY PEPPER.



ARIBALDI has long been held before the world as a dashing and intrepid hero to whom all, of whatever nationality, may point and whom all may admire with patriotic zeal. There is one who should share this high position with him — one who by her faithful devotion, her courageous spirit, and her tragic death deserves a place by his side in the niche of fame. I refer to Anita Garibaldi.

Garibaldi's own life has been told over and over again from the minutest particulars — his birth, his parents' antecedents, his education, his amusements, his travels, his battles and victories, his loves and hates. But one must search and glean through musty old papers, dry historical tomes, and faded documents to gather a few particulars about the woman who left a happy home, traveled through wild, untracked forests, endured hunger and fatigue, and at last died on a foreign soil, far from the land of her birth, buried without coffin or shroud, with only the cool earth to rest against her pallid cheeks — the noble Anita!

At twenty-six years of age, with the first fires of patriotism burning in his heart, Garibaldi became a member of the Society of "Young Italy," and became one of the chief conspirators in plots for the liberation of Italy from a foreign yoke. The plots were discovered and the conspirators condemned to death. Captain Garibaldi made his escape and went to South America. His exile only intensified his love of liberty and his native land. He was constantly scheming to go back to Italy with a vessel manned with patriots. He formed his "Italian Legion" and trained them for work in his own land by fighting for the cause of liberty in South America. He joined the Republicans of Rio Grande in their struggle against the emperor of Brazil. It was while fighting the battles of this republic that he met and won the "incomparable Anita."

It was after a shipwreck in which Garibaldi had seen many of his followers perish and the dearest friend of his heart sink forever from his sight beneath the remorseless waves of a cruel sea, that he first turned his thoughts



to woman for consolation. His adventurous life and independent disposition had previously made the idea of marriage and its responsibilities repugnant to him. A wife and children, the peace and quiet of the fire-side, were not conducive to battle campaigns and heroic deeds of self-sacrifice. But his friend, the man in whom he had confided his hopes and ambitions, who had advised him, shared with him dangers and perils as well as pleasures and dreams, was gone. He was lonely, and his genial and affectionate nature needed a companion and consoler. But it was a selfish thought to turn to woman in this need. A wandering adventurer, not knowing from one day to the next where he should sup or sleep, with not a comfort or reward to offer except his bold and handsome self, in hourly peril of violent death or imprisonment, yet he began to look about for one to share this fate with him.

One day as he paced the deck of his vessel, the *Itaparica*, and thought over the subject, he glanced abstractedly in the direction of the shore. In a moment all his abstraction was gone! An attractive young woman was walking toward one of the houses. The *Itaparica* was at that time anchored at the entrance of the Jayuna. Garibaldi instantly ordered a boat and was put on shore. Then what should he do? He could not approach a strange young woman with the sudden proposal, "I love thee, be my wife, and come with me!" But he was an ardent Italian and fortune favored him; he met an acquaintance who invited him to take coffee with his family, and while there, who should step in but the stately beauty who had stolen his heart!

When Garibaldi looked at the fair young Brazilian and said, "Thou oughtest to be mine," she left home and friends and her promised husband to share, until death should part them, in the fortunes of an Italian adventurer. She knew not that fame and glory and the adulation of thousands awaited him in the future. She knew him only as a stalwart, sun-browned young sea-god who had won her heart.

Garibaldi would have had the marriage

celebrated on the spot with his usual impetuosity. But there was an insurmountable obstacle to this. Dona Ana Maria de Jesus, daughter of Don Benito Riveiro de Silva, was betrothed to another. Her father was a proud, cold man, exacting implicit obedience from his children, and he had betrothed her to a very old and very wealthy suitor. But Dona Ana hated the old man as much as she loved this tawny-haired, stalwart young god who had crossed her path. What could she do? She would not wed the old man; her parents would not give their consent and no priest would marry her to the young man. In these circumstances there was but one thing to do, and she did it—left all and fled with the one to whom she had given her heart. A verbal marriage was all that was possible for some time, for in the manner of life pursued by Garibaldi, spending much time in the wild woods, and when in the towns being generally a fugitive, the customary marriage ceremony was impossible. It was celebrated afterwards in Montevideo and properly recorded.

After the verbal marriage began an odd and certainly original honeymoon. Anita's husband was under the command of General Canabarro, and his object was to arm privateers and cruise along the coast of Brazil to harass the commerce of the empire. It was not long until there was an engagement in which Anita Garibaldi played a heroic part. She encouraged the men, distributed the weapons, took charge of the cannon, and, according to Garibaldi, his "incomparable Anita" fired the first shot. This was a disastrous engagement in which the most of the crew were killed or wounded and only one officer left alive. After the cannon was dismounted by the enemy, the brave Brazilian took a musket and fired as long as the enemy were in range, regardless of all protection or personal safety. She seems to have possessed as much warlike spirit as Garibaldi himself, and was always disappointed when she was not permitted to be in the midst of the fray.

Strange beginning of a marriage career, yet Garibaldi himself speaks of it as among

the happiest times of his life — “at the head of a few men remaining to me after numerous conflicts, who had gained the character of bravery, I first mounted and commenced my march, with my wife at my side, in a career which had always attractions for me, even greater than that of the sea. It seemed to me of little importance that my entire property was that which I carried, and that I was in the service of a poor republic, unable to pay anyone. I had a sabre and a carbine, which I carried on the front of my saddle. My wife was my treasure, and no less fervent in the cause of the people than I; and she looked upon battles as an amusement, and the inconveniences of a life in the field as a pastime.”

In the fiercer frays Garibaldi often desired his wife to take part only as a spectator — a part that did not suit her courageous nature in the least. On one such occasion, in a battle between the Imperials and the Republican army, she begged permission at least to have charge of the ammunition. This was granted her; but, during a heavy fire, in her excitement she approached the principal scene of action. At this moment a crowd of the enemy's cavalry who were pursuing some fugitives appeared before her. She might have saved herself by instant flight, but knowing not what fear was, she disdained to turn her horse or hasten his pace until she was surrounded by the enemy. Then she made a wild dash for liberty. A bullet whistled through her hat and cut off a lock of her hair. A second killed her horse, and she was obliged to surrender. The officers, forgetful of their dignity, and gloating over their prize, exulted in their victory, and taunted her with the defeat of the Republican army. She treated their ungallant remarks with such haughty dignity that they became ashamed of themselves, and when she begged permission to search among the dead on the battlefield for the body of her husband, this was granted her.

She went about, searching fearfully among the pallid faces for the one that was dear to her. There were friends and acquaintances — strong, brave men she had seen them such

a short time ago — but nowhere the one that she sought and feared she might find. At last the joyful conviction came to her that he had escaped. She then made up her mind to make an effort herself to escape. Her victors, intoxicated by success, were drinking themselves into another state of intoxication and gave no heed to their prisoner. The few remaining hours of the day she hid herself in the hut of an old woman who did not know who she was, and when night fell she disappeared in the woods. Only those who know something of the immense forests that cover the summits of the Sierra de Espinasso can form any idea of the danger of this undertaking — a journey of sixty miles, from Caritabani to Lages.

The night was dark and tempestuous, brightened only at intervals by flashes of lightning; there were ambuscades of the enemy all through the forest, to murder any fugitives they caught. Anita procured a horse at a farmhouse on the way, and mounting this she galloped madly over the broken, rocky ground. There was a guard of four men at the river Cavas, and when they looked up in affright at the approaching sound, and a flash of lightning lit up her weird figure, with her wild, dark eyes and her long hair floating behind, they turned and fled in terror, thinking they had seen a vision.

When crossing this river before with her husband and his army, Anita had crossed it in a canoe. It was a quiet stream then; now it was swollen by the rains into a dangerous mountain torrent. There was no canoe, there was no bridge, but the fearless woman was not conquered by the difficulties. Dropping from the horse's back, she seized fast hold of his tail and, urging him on with her voice, she clung to him as he swam through the foaming waves to the other side, a distance of five hundred paces.

The only nourishment she had for four days was a glass of coffee when she arrived at Lages. During all this time she was in uncertainty as to the fate of her husband. Might he not have been left in some unsought spot on the battlefield? Or, if he escaped that, might he not have fallen into an ambus-

cade and been murdered? Added to her bodily anguish was this great mental terror. But four days later he straggled, forlorn and destitute, into Lages with seventy-three of his no less wretched companions. After that nothing mattered to Anita — no bodily pain daunted her — she had her adored husband again to love, to soothe, to comfort, to cherish, to fight for and by the side of.

Ill-clothed and ill-fed, it was amid scenes such as this — battle and bloodshed, wanderings in dense forests, lengthy marches, fatigue and hunger, falls from her horse — that her first child was born, September 10, 1840, the Menotti Garibaldi of today. When the brave Anita should have had all the comforts of a home about her, the love and tender ministrations of dear ones, Garibaldi says he was absolutely destitute of everything necessary for his wife and little son. When the boy was only twelve days old Anita was obliged to take him in her arms, mount a horse, and, in the midst of a fierce storm, flee to the woods to escape a band of marauders.

Garibaldi says: "Nothing of much importance happened to Anita after that time except continued dangers caused by the war, in which her only food was meat and her bed the saddle." And yet it was after this that she made the dreadful trip through the forest of Las Antas with her baby strung in a handkerchief about her neck trying, by breathing on it, to keep it from freezing. The Republican army had been weakened by many disastrous engagements and was obliged to retire from the siege of the capital and make a long, toilsome retreat across the mountains. The mountains and rivers of Brazil are full of fatigues and dangers from wild beasts even in the fairest of seasons, but now the rivers were swollen into raging torrents by the rain, and the only means of transportation was a few mules and fewer horses. It rained incessantly for nine days; provisions became scarce and many died of starvation and exposure. Here the brave Brazilian almost lost her courage. When it became at all possible to move forward she was mounted on the only remaining horse,

with her three months old babe tied about her neck — Garibaldi remaining to take care of the few mules and helpless people left to him — and in despair pushed ahead. She finally reached the edge of the forest, and almost fainted with joy when she discovered a little band of her husband's men who had made a fire in a clearing and were gathered about it. They immediately made room for her, and one of them took the apparently dying child from her neck, wrapped it in his poncho, which he had warmed at the fire, and soon revived it. Then, and only then, after all the long days of extreme suffering and danger, tears came to the eyes of the brave mother. Garibaldi afterward referred to this journey as the most terrible he had ever known.

About this time Garibaldi began to be anxious to place his little family in less hazardous and unhappy circumstances; he desired to have the sanction of the church to his union with Anita. Then for six years he had heard no news of father or mother or home friends. So he sought and received permission from the president to go to Montevideo. He was also given a small herd of cattle to pay his traveling expenses. As a cattle drover he was not so great a success as a warrior, and by the time he reached Montevideo after a toilsome march of fifty days, he had only a few hides to show for the nine hundred cattle he started with. To support his family he became a teacher and a broker in a small way. And now he made Anita his lawful wife. The ceremony was recorded in the marriage register of the church of San Francesco d'Assisi, in Montevideo.

For some years after this Anita Garibaldi took little part in warlike pursuits. She remained quietly in the capital of Uruguay, rearing her little family of children, of which there were now four — Menotti, Ricciotti, Rosita, and Therese (now wife of General Canzio). Garibaldi had soon tired of quiet life and was again at the head of fighting legions, in the service of the Occidental Republic.

It was in Montevideo, while Garibaldi was

away on an expedition, that the little Rosita died. Garibaldi was informed of it in a letter from General Pacheco y Orbes, minister of war in Montevideo: "Your daughter Rosita is dead; this you ought to know at any rate," was the laconic way in which he notified a father that a beloved child was dead. Garibaldi never forgave him for his cold-heartedness. "I loved so dearly that little creature of mine," he says. And for Anita in whose arms the little four-year-old Rosita faded away, begging her mother not to grieve, that they would soon meet to part no more—Anita almost lost her mind over this first great grief. All the previous troubles of her stormy life were as nothing to this. Other trials and troubles her tempestuous heart had met and conquered, but this—no, she could not bring the little form back to laughing, loving life.

Garibaldi seems to have been absolutely unconscious of the needs of a family, and though military governor of Montevideo, yet was so poor that when his second son was born the doctor in attendance found only a few dried beans in the house and had to take up a collection among friends in order to get proper nourishment and food for the mother and child.

In 1848 came the news of reforms in Italy, and Garibaldi determined to return and give his heart and help to his native land. He sent Anita and their three children on before him. This was a trial that tried Anita sorely. It was hard to go to a strange land, to take up her abode with people whom she did not know and whose language was strange to her. And then there was the little grave in Montevideo that it tore her heart with anguish to leave. To the last day she decked it with flowers watered with her tears.

But it was the will of her adored husband and she yielded. She made the journey in safety, and wrote back to a friend of her husband of her arrival in Genoa:

ESTEEMED SIR:—I write with pleasure to tell you of my safe arrival in Genoa, after a good voyage of about two months. The Genoese people gave us a singularly joyous

welcome. More than three thousand people shouted under our window, "Viva Garibaldi! Viva the family of Garibaldi!" and they presented me with a beautiful flag of the Italian colors, telling me to give it to my husband as soon as he shall land in Italy, so that he be the first to plant it on Lombard soil. Ah, if you knew how Garibaldi is loved and longed for in all Italy, and especially in Genoa! Every day they think each ship that arrives may hail from Montevideo, and that he may be on board; and when he does come, I think the welcome will never end.

Italian affairs go well. In Naples, Tuscany, and Piedmont the constitution has been promulgated, and Rome is soon to have one. The national guard is everywhere established, and is of great benefit to these provinces. The Jesuits and all their agents have been expelled from Genoa and the entire province, and nothing is talked of anywhere save the union of Italy by means of political and custom-house leagues, and the liberation of Lombard brethren from the foreign yoke.

I have received a thousand delicate attentions from your brothers, Antonini. Yesterday I went to the opera; tonight, I am going to the theater, and have visited all the city and suburbs; and tomorrow I go by steamer to Nice. Be so kind, if my husband has not yet sailed, as to hasten his departure, and tell him the latest events in Italy. With affectionate salutations,

Your most devoted servant,

ANITA GARIBALDI.

It was a sore trial to Anita Garibaldi to be separated from her husband at any time, and only by his express commands did she ever endure such separation. His first absence, when he was fighting the battles of his country, she bore as patiently as her rebellious nature would permit. But during his second absence, when she heard he was ill in Genoa, she left everything and joined him. And again she followed him to Rome, prevailing over one of his friends who was passing through Nice to take her to Leghorn by sea, and thence she made her way by land to Rome, arriving at the Villa Savorelli when the bombs were clattering down through the roof. Garibaldi was greatly displeased and endeavored to have her return, but nothing would induce her to leave him.

The early dangers and trials through which she had passed had begun to under-



mine her health. It was for this reason that Garibaldi endeavored to dissuade her from accompanying him on his dangerous enterprises, but to take care of his family while he fought the battles of his country. But she brought forth arguments to prove that her place was by his side in war as well as peace. "Did he no longer desire to have her with him? Did he doubt her courage? Had he not had proofs of it? Oh, the delightful life in camp! The battles—they were joy to her! As to fatigues and privations—what were they to one whose happiness was in her heart?" In the face of such arguments Garibaldi yielded and permitted her to go with him, although he knew that her delicate state of health demanded different surroundings than the battlefield.

When the army was driven back from the defense of Rome and retreat became necessary, it was Garibaldi's desire that Anita should remain behind and receive the care her health demanded, as he would be surrounded by terrible hardships, privations, dangers, and encompassed on all sides by his enemies. But Anita was determined not to be separated from him, and stepping into a house by the roadside she had her hair cut off short, and mounting a horse rode by his side. During this forced retreat an Austrian corps overtook the rear guard and threw it into great confusion, the men flying in all directions. The brave Anita made every effort to stop them. Fearless herself, she could not understand this weakness in men whom she had seen a short time before fighting bravely in the defense of Rome. Her face expressed the scorn she felt, and many a fleeing man felt for years afterward the sting of shame that tingled in his blood as he passed her.

When they arrived at San Marino, Garibaldi desired Anita, who was now very ill, to remain at this place where he knew she would find a safe asylum in her hour of trial. But she, with a fatal prescience, clung to him and would not be separated. "You want to leave me?" she asked him, piteously, and he said no more but took her with him.

In the course of their flight they were

obliged to take to the sea, hoping to reach Venice where they would be safe. But they were pursued, and to evade the pursuers they landed on the shore of a bay called the Punta di Goro. The enemy was everywhere and Garibaldi gave his followers orders to separate into twos and threes and scatter themselves about the country, endeavoring to escape. Garibaldi took his dying wife in his arms and hid in a maize field. Nine of his intimate companions were captured and shot. "Dig nine graves," said the Austrian officer, when the prisoners were brought before him. There were a father and two sons in the group, one a boy of thirteen, yet this child filled one of the nine graves.

That Garibaldi himself escaped capture, burdened as he was, seems miraculous. One companion, Lieutenant Leggiero, remained with him. Anita, with the fever rioting in her veins, was babbling brokenly of the little ones she now knew she would never see again. They found a friend, a former officer of Garibaldi, who helped them take the unfortunate Anita to a hut where her torturing thirst was relieved. Then on they must go, for safety lay only in continued flight. Across the valley of Comacchio to La Mandriola, where they hoped to find a physician. But at last when a physician was at hand Anita had no more need of him. While she lay on the bed of a stranger, with the breath just gone from her pale, courageous body, Garibaldi was obliged to leave her, never again to gaze upon her features. Not only his own safety, but that of those who had obeyed the Christly injunction and given the cup of cold water to the stranger, demanded his instant flight. Giving instructions as to Anita's burial, he gave her one long, passionate caress, and with a breaking heart went on his way.

After this hurried departure from the dead Anita, Garibaldi wandered for thirty-four days over Italian soil, a price upon his head, hidden, fed, sheltered, guided to secret places by friends whose lives, aye, and their children's also, would have paid the forfeit, if their aid to the outcast had been discov-



ered. He was urged by one and all to hasten out of Italy as quickly as possible, and it was against the advice of all that he determined to visit his children before becoming an exile from his country. He accomplished this at the risk of his life, and the ordeal was one before which his strong spirit quailed. The children had not been told of their loss. His mother was speechless with emotion, the two little boys clung to his legs, while cousins and uncles contended for kisses and hand-clasps. The little Teresita stabbed him with her words of greeting, as she smothered his tawny face with kisses, "Mamma will have told thee in Rome how good I was. Where is mamma?"

"Where is mamma?" the cry reëchoed in Garibaldi's heart for many a day. Poor Anita, bravest of her sex, lying in a shallow, hastily made grave in the pine forest of Ravenna!

Garibaldi could never think of her death without shuddering horror; he was filled with remorse and reproached himself that he had not left her to live out her natural life in her island home. But this Anita would have rebelled against so fiercely—to have the ocean roll between herself and her adored husband—as to have made it impossible. That Garibaldi loved his wife and family dearly is shown by his constant remembrance of them, even in the most critical and harrowing moments. In 1849 he wrote from Subiaco:

BELOVED WIFE:—I write to tell thee I am well, and that I am going with the column to Anagni where probably I shall arrive tomorrow, but I cannot say how long we shall stay there. In Anagni I hope to find muskets and clothes for the men. I shall know no peace until I receive a letter to assure me that thou hast arrived safely at Nice. Write to me directly; I want to hear from thee, my dearest Anita. Tell me what impression the events of Genoa and Tuscany made upon thee, thou strong and generous woman! With what scorn must thou not look on these countrymen of mine, that I have tried so many times to ennoble, and with so little result. . . . Write to me, I repeat; I want to hear of thee, of my mother, and of the children. Do not torment thyself about me; I am stronger than

ever, and with my one thousand armed men I feel myself invincible. Rome is assuming an imposing aspect; around her generous ones are rallying, and God will help us. Remember me to Augustus, and to the families Galli, Gustani, Conti, and to all friends. I love thee dearly, dearly, and I beseech thee not to worry. A kiss from me to the children; to my mother whom I trust to thee. Good-bye. Thy husband,

G. GARIBALDI.

Again he writes from the midst of the battlefield:

"My dear Anita, I know that thou hast been and art still ill. I want to see therefore, thy handwriting and that of my mother, to reassure me. 'Cardinal' Oudinot's Gauls and friars content themselves with cannonading us, and we are so accustomed to their shots that we take no notice of them. The women and boys run after the balls and bombs, struggling for their possession. We are fighting on the Janiculum, and this people are worthy of their past greatness. Here they live, are mutilated, and die to the cry of 'Live the Republic!' One hour of our happy life in Rome is worth a century of life elsewhere. Happy my mother who gave me birth, enabling me to live at a period so splendid for Italy! . . . Try and get well; kiss my mother and the children for me. Menotti has favored me with a letter. Love much thy husband."

Once, in speaking of the friendship existing between himself and the daughter of one of his South American benefactors, a dark-eyed beauty called Manuela, who was betrothed to the son of the president of Brazil, Garibaldi said: "Fate reserved for me another Brazilian woman—to me the only one in the world whom I now lament, and for whom I shall weep all my days. She knew me when I was in misfortune, and her interest in me, stronger than any merit of my own, conquered her for me, and united us forever." And again in a note to a friend: "She was my constant companion, in good and bad fortune, sharing my greatest dangers and surpassing the bravest men."

Although Garibaldi had been twice married since her death, and a brood of young children surrounded him, yet, when the hour of death approached, his thoughts turned to the long dead Anita. He had had her

remains taken from their shallow burying place in Ravenna, the ashes sealed in an urn and placed in a niche of the inner wall of the cemetery chapel of the Castle Hill Cemetery at Nice. He desired that his ashes might be near unto hers in the long eternity. He said to a friend: "You will make a pyre of acacia—it burns like oil—and place me, dressed in my red shirt, my face upturned to the sun, on an iron bedstead. When my body is consumed, put the ashes into an urn—any old pot will do—and place it on the wall behind the tombs of Anita and Rosita. I mean to finish so."

Rosita was the little dead daughter of his third wife, and was named for the child who had died in Montevideo. Garibaldi's wish was not obeyed. None dared in this to do his bidding. And his remains lie in his island home beneath immense blocks of granite.

On the simple marble tablet that marks the spot where rest Anita's ashes is inscribed: "The ashes of Anita Garibaldi." Below hangs a garland, renewed every year, from "Her children to Anita," and, encircling this, a marble wreath with the words, "The Garibaldian Union of Nice to Anita Garibaldi."

## THE WOMEN NOVELISTS OF GERMANY.

BY MRS. SARAH B. SMITH.



IT must be acknowledged that, in intellectual achievements, the women of Germany are behind their sisters of other nationalities. The traditions of the elders have held them in longer and more rigorous bondage. They have followed so faithfully the advice of their emperor to devote themselves to the "three K's, *Kinder, Kirche, und Küche*," that their literary work is characterized by superficiality and artistic incompleteness.

With a timid, apologetic air, they made their first appearance before the literary world. Their efforts to justify their claims to be heard have given a polemic character to their writings which mars their artistic beauty. *Kirche* (church) still dominates a large number who flatter themselves that they have thrown off all the restraints of religious faith, but use their art of story telling as a stepping-stone to a pulpit where they can freely proclaim their theories. The problems of social life, the deepest questions of our spiritual being, form the favorite theme of their stories with a purpose.

Miss Marlitt must air her emancipation theories, while she describes the love intrigues of her high-born characters.

The works of Helena Bohlan are simply exhortations to enjoy all the beauty and pleasures of this present life, "for it is

beautiful, it is divine to live, not to brood over what is to come hereafter." "Cultivate the beautiful," she commands, "for it is the highest type of goodness." A mother says to her daughter in one of her stories, "If I could plant in your heart the love of the beautiful for all time, then I would let you run whither you would."

The corruptions and utter insincerity of so-called high society are the burden of Julia Dery's satires, thinly disguised as fiction.

Bertha von Suttner is a born polemic and insists that her views shall receive a fair hearing. War she considers a crime against the human race, and with every weapon at her command she tries to deal it a deadly blow. Her most famous novel, "Down with Weapons!" is a vigorous attack upon this enemy of human happiness. The book is full of enthusiasm for the settlement of all international difficulties by arbitration, of despairing revolt against the diplomatic intrigues, the selfishness of the powerful, and the brutality of the ignorant masses whose passions lead them to think war glorious.

The story is told in the first person, and with the heroine we witness the horrors of four wars. First comes the struggle between Austria, France, and Italy, which robs her of her young husband. After time has healed this wound she meets a sympathetic friend

in Baron Tilling, who, though an officer in the Austrian army, believes that the only humane military standpoint is to look upon soldiers as protecting the land from invasion, as firemen protect it from fire. Friendship soon ripens into love, and a second marriage brings a year of such perfect happiness as falls to the lot of few.

Then the Schleswig-Holstein war carries off the husband at a most trying moment. The trivial causes of that war, the awful sacrifice of life, the barren results, the seeds of hatred sown, soon to develop into another war, are clearly portrayed.

In a few years the bitter conflict between Austria and Prussia gives the heroine fresh experiences in the horrors of war. With her own eyes she sees the trainloads of agonized humanity brought from the battlefields. Seeking her husband, she passes among the heaps of slain at Sadowa. Pestilence, which ever dogs the footsteps of war, robs her of her nearest and dearest. The scene of war is next transferred to Paris, where Baroness Tilling is staying with her husband when war breaks out between France and Prussia. She is a witness of the mad intoxication of the French, sure of victory, and their still more brutal despair when defeat comes.

The polemic character of the book is somewhat oppressive, but the tragic fate of the victims of war takes hold upon our hearts, leading us to echo the lesson of the story: "Cursed be war; it is a contradiction of our boasted civilization." In spite of her faults, Bertha von Suttner's many gifts entitle her to the high rank given her by her native land among its writers, while her influence as one who fought valiantly for her ideals of truth will extend to coming generations.

Misunderstood people, especially misunderstood wives and husbands, are the literary stock-in-trade of Ida Boy-Ed. She is nothing if not a preacher and she confines herself to the illustration of one text—the amount of human suffering for which the failure of people to understand each other is responsible. Judgment is passed upon acts or states of feeling, without any knowledge of

the secret tragedies, whose concluding act comes to the observation of everyone. Men and women are so differently constituted that the most devoted wife cannot fully enter into all her husband's interests, and the effort to do so wrecks many a marriage based upon love. Naturally, she does not believe that both sexes should follow the same path in life. Creative work for a woman is only a substitute for something better which she has failed to win—a place to stand at the side of some man and supplement his work.

Maria Janetschek is an impressionist. What she has seen or experienced her imagination paints in vivid colors. Her restless brain continually seeks new experiences to embody, new problems to discuss. Her characters are ideal beings in constant conflict with the realities of life. The world embraced between the covers of her books is a world of fancy, pleasant to rest in for a time and dream.

Gabriel Reuter represents the psychological romance. She possesses great power in the delineation of the strong, inborn passions of the heart. The young girl is her pet character, and the analysis of the forces which control her life the theme of many of her novels. She is as thoroughly progressive in her ideas of woman's sphere as Ida Boy-Ed is reactionary. "Be self-reliant!" is her exhortation to all young girls. "Interest yourselves in something that is developing—a work, a child, something that excites expectation or hope. Then life will be worth living, if no man ever appears on the horizon of your lives."

Emilie Mataja, who writes under the pseudonym of "Emil Marriot," devotes all her talents to the service of religion, or rather, what she calls religion. She uses her characters to reveal her firm conviction that there can be no true nobility of character, no unselfishness, no love for one's neighbor, no family affection, no real happiness, where there is no faith in a personal God. That modern society is thoroughly corrupt because it has lost all religious faith and devoted itself to material good, is another dogma of

her creed. She is a realist and a keen observer of society, but she sees it through her prejudices. Her *dramatis personæ* who are religious, she paints as angels; all who are not, as incarnate devils.

One of the most prolific writers of the day is Lola Kirschner, better known under her pen name of "Ossip Schubin." In choice of material she follows the leadership of George Sand, but in peculiarities of style she copies Turgenev, whom she greatly admires. Brausewetter discerns in her writings a moral undertone that betrays her kinship with that author. She insists that she does not write to defend theories or to do battle for opinions, that she writes under the influence of a sympathy or antipathy so strong that it is a kind of inspiration. Nevertheless she has very positive views of her own, which she uses her art to defend.

She takes a very serious view of life and regards it as an infinite series of causes and effects. As sternly as an old Hebrew prophet her novels teach, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." She offers no mercy to the wrongdoer, no hope of pardon in this world or the next to a soul weary of its sin. Through generation after generation the thread of guilt runs, marked all its way by tragedies. Boris Lensky's denial of every religious, every moral obligation, his determination to live for his own sinful pleasures, destroys the happiness of his own life, sends his daughter to a life of shame, and ruins his son. In "Broken Wings," a young girl's revolt against her moral duty wrecks the lives of the husband and daughter who come to her in after years. The entire romance teaches that to sin is to drag broken wings through life; that wings which must be dragged are worthless, they will never bear one to heaven, but are only a horrible weight.

Her views in regard to the position of women are most conservative. In "Boris Lensky" one character says, "It is always a misfortune when great talents lose their way and enter the body of a woman, because if one woman of genius wins success, a host of mediocre women ruin their lives trying to follow her." Also, in "Finis Polonia," the

most philosophical of the girl artists who have sought an independent career for themselves and failed, declares: "It is a curse for a woman to be intelligent beyond a certain point—if she has not the good fortune to make an exceptional place for herself." The French method of training young girls is in her eyes the only correct one. They must be closely watched and guarded, never allowed any liberty, always kept in leading strings. "Young things are as fond of tasting with their hearts on the sly, as children with their mouths," says Nicolai in "Boris Lensky." Ossip Schubin gives her readers narrow, pessimistic views of life, "rather snap-shot photographs than finished paintings," as König says, but her style is brilliant and her stories fascinating.

At the Summer Festival of German Authors held in Berlin during August, 1895, a ballot for the most popular story-teller of the day returned Natalie von Eschstruch as first choice. She certainly knows where to find the material for a popular story and how to tell it skilfully.

"Lizzie, the Goose Herder," laid the foundation of her popularity. The scene of the story is laid, partly in a ducal court, partly in an old castle and its surroundings in the northern part of Germany. Here the heroine, Baroness Josephine, grows up like a common country girl, knowing nothing of the manners of polite society and destitute of every accomplishment save that of being a perfect horsewoman. One day, when she had taken the goose herder's place, two army officers riding along the highway to an adjoining estate surprise her lying upon a pile of hay, reading Goethe's poem, "Little Red Rose on the Heather," while the geese are forgotten. This "little red rose," roughly broken from its stalk by the heedless boy, is often referred to in the story.

One of the officers, Count Lehrbach, is a spoiled child of fortune, accustomed to receive homage from every woman he meets. The young Baroness attracts him by her beauty and originality, while his apparent devotion wins her heart. At the close of the summer he returns to the capital, after



he has cordially invited Josephine and her guardians to spend the coming winter at the court.

Not for a moment does Josephine doubt the sincerity of the invitation, and she arrives in due time at court, fully expecting a lover's welcome from Count Lehrbach, but finds that she is, indeed, "the little red rose on the heather" that the careless boy broke from its stalk and then threw away. For Count Lehrbach, the darling of the court, the devoted attendant of Princess Sylvia, has nothing but ridicule to bestow upon the little country maid in the costume of a previous generation. Before her arrival at court she was known as "Lizzie, the Goose Herder," from a sketch of her made and exhibited by the count, and the name meets her everywhere.

Deeply wounded, but too proud to show it, Josephine resolves to stand her ground. A fashionable costumer, her own tact and ready wit, her ability to outride Princess Sylvia, the boldest horsewoman at court, soon transform the "laughing stock" into a brilliant belle. Count Lehrbach tries in vain to regain her favor, until repeated misfortunes have developed a noble manhood in him. Then she marries him and they live happy forever after. The closing scene of the book is an art exhibition, whose most attractive picture is a painting of a young girl lying upon a pile of hay, absorbed in a book, while geese flutter all about her. "Lizzie the Goose Herder" is the name of the picture, while Count Lehrbach is the artist.

"Court Air" has many points of resemblance with "Lizzie the Goose Herder." All the characters are more pronounced, but in both the heroines are country girls who pass through the same discipline before they win their lovers.

"Early Won," is an entertaining picture of family life in a noble German family. "Of Polish Blood" is a sensational love story whose hero is the son of a Polish refugee, adopted by Count Dynar, a German nobleman and father of the heroine. She bitterly resented her father's act which made a nameless alien the heir of their noble

house, and the story is a history of the alien's efforts to conquer her pride and win her love.

Natalie von Eschtruth believes that woman's only vocation is marriage, and her stories are the old-fashioned love stories, mere histories of courtships. Her lovers are sufficiently alive to excite interest in their fates, and her books appeal to a large circle of readers, both at home and abroad.

Unlike Natalie von Eschtruth who finds all her leading characters in court circles, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach discovers in the lowest slums, as well as in the prosperous middle classes and the highest aristocracy, subjects worthy of her art. Her genius is in sympathy with the spirit of the present age; the problems that stir thinking people, the social questions of the day are not passed by in her novels; she is eager to contribute her share toward the relief of the suffering and oppressed. Yet she is a careful, almost a conservative writer, who would not pull down the old until something better is found to fill its place. At fourteen she made a vow that she would die or become the greatest poet of any land or age. Until advanced middle age, she devoted herself to the accomplishment of this vow without success. It was only when she gave up the effort to delineate great passions which her nature could not understand, and devoted herself to the description of the life about her which she saw with clear eyes, that a public eager to read all she had to write was found.

In all her artistic efforts her aim has been toward the highest, her conception of the artist's vocation the noblest. Art to her is too holy a thing to serve the merely selfish purpose of winning bread or fame. It is a teacher; an art that does not teach is worthless in her eyes.

In "Bertram Vogelweide" a writer who has won a fortune by his pen exclaims, in a fit of remorse: "My work successful? When have I taught anything, helped anybody or made them any better?" In "Lottie, the Watchmaker," Lottie, in most vigorous language, reproves Halwig, her former lover, because he caters to the vilest taste for the sake of money. "The book is unworthy of



you, unworthy of a priest which a writer of fiction ought to be, to whom the most sacred office on earth is entrusted. I know that you must draw the dark side of life; draw it with clearness and power, but draw it in such a way that it shall fill your readers with horror, not a loathsome kind of pleasure."

In purity and clearness of style she surpasses every woman writer of her native land. She is gifted with a natural power of clear and effective narration.

That love which is a master passion, often as much a scourge as a blessing, she cannot deal with — she has a horror of it. "Lovers do not create a heaven for themselves," says a character in one of her novels. "What makes heaven? God rules there." But the constant affection which results from sympathy of feeling and intellectual respect, she paints with rare skill.

Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach has just entered upon her seventieth year with all her intellectual faculties unimpaired. "I once hoped to become a great poet, but am

content now to write a readable story," she says of herself. The dream of her childhood has not been realized — she has never become a great poet, but she stands today at the head of the women writers of Germany.\*

"The number of German women who write multiply like the sand of the seashore," says Hitzig. If no one among them all has produced a masterpiece fit to be compared with George Eliot's "Adam Bede," or George Sand's "Consuelo," no one of them written a story which has appealed to the popular heart like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," many of them possess the story-teller's gift of awakening sustained interest, of treating in a clear and vigorous manner the weighty questions of individual and social life. The place that the woman novelist of Germany occupies today in the intellectual life of her country is higher than ever before. She has conquered a place where she can stand secure and reach out after higher achievements.

\* Her "Barons of Gemperlein" appears in this issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN MAGAZINE.—EDITOR.

## THE GOOD BUMBLEBEE.

To the Editor of the CHAUTAUQUAN:

THE CHAUTAUQUAN published an article entitled "Bumblebee Taverns," which was so misleading in its tendency and so lacking in well-known facts — in so far as it related to the alleged pernicious habits of the bumblebee — that it should not be permitted to go without correction. Its author, Mr. Charles McIlvaine, says: "The board covering of barns and wooden stock-shelters is often badly pierced and damaged by the black-headed female bumblebee. . . . In consequence the farmer is often put to expense for renewal or repairs. Hence the value to him of dead bumblebees."

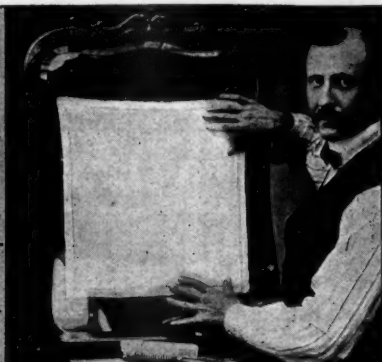
Now this is an unfounded and unwarranted charge against the character and habits of the bumblebee, no matter what may be the color of its face. Neither the male nor female ever bore holes in sound wood. They cannot. The carpenter-bee (*Xylocopa virginica* — the bumblebee is of the genus *Bom-*

*bus*) will do that, and the author's experience was, undoubtedly, with that variety of bee. This supposition is strengthened by what he says in the opening sentence of his article where he states: "Its rapidly moving wings balance it in the air before the small round hole." Bumblebees do not "balance" themselves in the air, but carpenter-bees do.

Carpenter-bees are rare. In a life of seventy years I am conscious of having seen but few, while of bumblebees "their name is legion." Like her relative, the honey-bee, she will clean out a hole that has rotten wood in it, in order to secure a home, if she can find no more acceptable place; or, if forced to, build a nest of dead grass or leaves, or burrow in the ground; but an abandoned mouse nest, especially one in a field where red clover is growing, is the one place above all others which she seeks. The mouse, however, is deemed an enemy of the

(Continued on page 524.)

Every hour, if needful  
In office - store - home or  
hotel. Over in a few minutes.  
Wash handkerchiefs - fancy  
collars, cuffs, edging etc. with  
**Pearline**, in basin-rinse well-  
stretch on Mirror, Window, or  
Marble Slab. Will quickly dry  
and come off like new.



Bachelors  
Maidens  
Clerks  
Stenographers  
Typewriters  
Travelers  
Visitors  
etc-etc.

keep a package of  
**Pearline**  
in  
Office -  
Room -  
Valise -

For  
Washing delicate  
things  
Quick Washing  
-see above -  
Bathing  
Shampooing  
Cleansing spots  
etc - etc.

**Pearline**

is best and  
handiest

We eat  
**Malta-Vita** PURE FOOD

FOR  
BRAIN & MUSCLE

MALTA-VITA contains more nutrition, more  
tissue-building qualities, more nerve stimu-  
lant than any other food.

**PURE, PALATABLE, POPULAR**

Millions are eating MALTA-VITA. It gives health  
strength, and happiness.

**MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD COMPANY.**  
Battle Creek, Mich. Toronto, Canada

## A Cooling TONIC

Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
quenches abnormal thirst, re-  
pairs weak nerves, improves  
appetite, promotes digestion,  
clears the brain, overcomes  
exhaustion, and increases the  
capacity for hard mental and  
physical labor. Insist on  
having

**Horsford's  
Acid  
Phosphate**

Horsford's name on every GENUINE package.

bumblebee, destroying the young and eating the honey; and Darwin is quoted as saying that more clover seed can be raised adjacent to villages where cats are abundant than in the country, as the cats kill the mice that destroy the bees. I am inclined to think this destruction of young bees and nests is exaggerated. One case came under my observation where I am confident that Mrs. Bumblebee did not wait for the little rodent to abandon her home, but walked in and took possession, and Madam Mouse promptly left.

I much regret that Mr. McIlvaine has charged that the female bumblebee is a disturber of the peace, or a foe to boy or man. She never attacks anyone except to defend her nest, her young, or herself from a real or imaginary assault; and who can censure her for that? She simply has the mother instinct as well as that of self-preservation.

When roaming around from flower to flower, in search of food, she never attacks or stings without great provocation. If you will but leave her and her's alone she will not molest you. Many a time have I, in my boyhood—and I did it again, a few days ago, just to see if she behaved the same as before—clasped my hands over a flower when she—not he—was on it gathering honey; and gently closing them so that she could not escape or be pressed, have held her thus a prisoner for any length of time I desired, and I have never been stung by so doing. But woe unto any one who shall pinch her.

The bumblebee, both male and female, is of great benefit to mankind in pollenizing flowers that honey-bees and other insects cannot. Red clover seed could not be profitably raised by the farmer without their aid. Mr. McIlvaine recognizes this. The seed of this valuable leguminous plant is never secured from the first crop cut by the farmer, because the clover is in bloom before the bumblebees are numerous enough to do the requisite work for pollenization; but when the second crop comes on, later in the season, they are so increased in numbers that every blossom is visited, and there is a fruitful yield of seed.

In locations away from the habitation of honey-bees but few cucumbers, melons, pumpkins, or squashes can be produced without their kindly aid. I know of no injury whatever that the bumblebee does to the farmer. She rarely touches ripening or ripe fruit, as do the honey-bees and wasps sometimes. She is a most indefatigable worker, staying out, in fair weather, until almost dark, hurrying from flower to flower as though the whole world depended upon her completing her task that day.

Why, then, should we harm or disturb her? There is neither sound policy, good sense, nor tender mercy—and, I will add, no true religion—in so doing. As well might one say that dead swallows, martins, or other insectivorous birds are of value to the farmer as to declare that of the bumblebee.

Evidently Mr. McIlvaine was taught, in early childhood, the error which he has carried with him to the present time, just as has been the case with many another who, in youth, killed toads, frogs, and non-venomous snakes, destroyed certain birds' nests, murdered bumblebees, put their hands over their ears at the sight of a dragon-fly, and did many other absurd things, just because of mischievous early education. I confess to similar errors of childhood, derived from youthful associates; but I cannot claim my father incited me to do so. I never killed black-headed bumblebees for one cent a dozen, but I have no doubt I would had I been urged to do so. But may heaven forgive me for all needless, wicked, cruel destruction of innocent life. I see things better now, and have for nearly two-thirds of a century. I long ago ceased to intentionally kill anything unless I knew it to be harmful or it was needed in some way for food. Although I do not object to others killing for food I cannot now do it myself, and if I shall never eat any animal food hereafter until I kill it, I shall not offend my neighbor by eating meat.

Adults should disabuse their minds of childhood errors, and children should be taught truth instead of falsehood. Like



All the conditions of Photography lend themselves to the making of perfect pictures with **PREMO CAMERAS**. The most difficult subjects are within the range of **PREMO** achievement. They are all-round, ever ready, adaptable instruments for indoor or outdoor work.

## Premo Cameras

ascend in price from \$11.00 to \$250.00, according to size and equipment. A thoroughly satisfactory camera for universal use is the **Pony Premo No. 4**, illustrated here. Adapted to use either plates or films. Price, \$20.00.

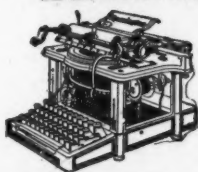
Ask your dealer to show you the Premo series, or write for the new Premo Book. **Free.**

Dept. A G, ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO., Rochester, N. Y.

## REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

The Experience of a  
Quarter of a Century is

**BEHIND IT**



The Confidence of the  
Business World is

**WITH IT**

An ever-widening field  
of usefulness is

**BEFORE IT**

**Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict**  
(Remington Typewriter Company)  
327 BROADWAY NEW YORK

## CHILDREN TEETHING

**THE BEST OF ALL AND**

For over sixty years **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP"



man's, all other life is entitled to exist unless forfeited by necessities or pernicious habits and practises; but thorough investigation should be had as to the true condition of things, before resorting to the extinction of that life. The bumblebee does nothing to forfeit its right to live. It is a Good Bumblebee, and I trust my readers will so look upon it.

S. B. ELLIOTT.

MR. MCILVAINE'S REPLY.

To the Editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

You have kindly sent me the proof of an article by S. B. Elliott, in which he takes exception to my article—"Bumblebee Taverns"—which appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. He also tells, interestingly, of what he has not seen in his seventy years of life, and scolds me roundly for killing bumblebees, which he properly says I did not kill at all.

I plead guilty to calling the carpenter-bee a bumblebee. As such it is known to every man, woman, and boy in the United States, who is not an entomologist. If I had called it anything else in an article for popular reading, few would have recognized the very plentiful insect of which I wrote.

It is well to instruct readers in the proper names of misnamed things; nevertheless, the common name will stick to them as long as they exist, and by it they are best known. The calla is not a lily; the well-known American laurel is not a laurel but a kalmia; the so-called mountain laurel is a rhododendron; what is a partridge in many states is a pheasant and quail in others; the night-hawk of the north is the bull-bat of the south; the "seventeen-year locust" is not a locust but a cicada; one ordinary summer locust is also called a cicada. In North Carolina it is known as the jar-fly. Even the ubiquitous peanut is known in many sections as the goober. If most of these were written about under their proper names, proportionately few readers would recognize the application of the articles.

The carpenter-bee is plentiful. There is not a frame farm building in the state of

Pennsylvania (where Mr. Elliott lives, and where I have spent most of my life) about which its hum cannot be heard in the warm days of spring and throughout the summer. If the venerable gentleman has rarely seen it, he is one who falls under the ban of the legal adage: The evidence of one who has seen a thing or act, is stronger than that of all others who have not seen it. My good father was a progressive Chester county, Pennsylvania, farmer, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, and knew what he was about when he induced the slaughter of female carpenter-bees.

When my attention was drawn to Mr. Elliott's article, I had lived but two weeks on the eastern shore of Maryland. I put on my hat, walked to the nearest fence, looked under the edge of the first board, and within the distance of five feet I found eight holes made by the carpenter-bee. I send you the board for your personal inspection, and request that you pass it along to Mr. Elliott that he may witness what he has heretofore failed to observe—permanent and great damage done by the carpenter-bee. I have seen the entire weather-boarding of extensive cattle sheds ruined by its borings, and that in Chester county, Pennsylvania. In my article, "Bumblebee Taverns," I tell of hundreds of male carpenter-bees killed by drinking from the chalices of the wistaria in New Jersey. The cedar posts of a grape arbor near the wistaria were punctured in dozens of places by these vandals.

Even Mr. Elliott admits that he knew what I was writing about in "Bumblebee Taverns," though he confesses that his acquaintance with the carpenter-bee is limited. It is a bumblebee to the masses, and it will be a bumblebee to him if he takes hold of a female. I applaud his lecture on mercy—I will not kill a good mannered insect, for it is such a beautiful mechanism. Yet, in my regard for life, I except the persistent fly, the insidious flea, the stealthy mosquito, and a few other very-much-alive torments. I would like to possess a set of instantaneous photographs of Mr. Elliott with a fly on his nose or a bumblebee up the leg



**"The Universal Perfume"**

Most delightful,  
Most refreshing,  
Most lasting,  
Most popular.

**MURRAY  
&  
LANMAN'S**  
**Florida Water**

FOR THE  
**HANDKERCHIEF  
DRESSING - TABLE  
AND BATH.**

More Sprightly and  
Invigorating than Cologne.

**Ask your Druggist for it!**

**MENNEN'S**  
**BORATED TALCUM**



**TOILET POWDER**

**Delightful After Bathing. A Luxury After Shaving.**  
Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUN-  
BURNS, and all afflictions of the skin. For sore, blistered  
and sweaty feet it has no equal. Removes all odor of  
perspiration. Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher  
in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there  
is a reason for it.  
Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)  
**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

# COLORADO

## AND RETURN

# \$25

First-class Round-trip Tickets from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo on sale July 1 to 13, August 1 to 14, August 23 and 24 and August 30 to September 10, and only \$31.50 on other dates. All tickets good to return until October 31. Correspondingly low rates from other points; favorable stop-over arrangements. Only one night en route Chicago to Denver by the

## Colorado Special.

*The best of everything.*

**Chicago,**  
**Union Pacific and**  
**North-Western Line.**

All agents sell tickets via the

**CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN  
AND  
UNION PACIFIC RYS.**

of his trousers as illustrative of what Mr. Elliott thought he would do, and what Mr. Elliott did do.

The same regard for life which makes Mr. Elliott a vegetarian would starve me, because I recognize the same life principle in a turnip that he does in a bullock; the same in the germ of a grain of corn as waits incubation in a hen's egg.

For twenty years I have been publishing

and teaching that a mushroom is a toadstool, yet nearly every day I am told that a mushroom is edible and a toadstool is poisonous. Popular names cannot be abolished at the wish of the scientist. When I write popular articles for a popular magazine, I shall use popular names and try to make myself understood without straining at gnats.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES MCILVAINE.

## NEWS SUMMARY.

### DOMESTIC.

May 12.—Congress appropriates \$200,000 for the relief of the living victims of the West Indian volcanic disaster. The president opens to settlement, July 17, the Fort Hall Indian reservation in Idaho. Practically every colliery in the Pennsylvania anthracite region is idle in response to the suspension order of the United Mine Workers.

13.—Twenty-three are killed and 202 injured in a naphtha explosion at Sheridan, Pennsylvania.

19.—A mine explosion near Coal Creek, Tennessee, kills over two hundred. The house passes the naval appropriation bill.

20.—The United States relinquishes control in Cuba and turns the island over to President Palma. In Chicago Judge Grosscup issues an order restraining the beef trust.

21.—United States sovereignty over the Sulu archipelago is formally denied by Great Britain and Germany. The president unveils the monument to the dead of the Spanish-American war at Arlington.

27.—The house passes the Shattuc immigration bill. King Christian of Denmark accepts the proposal of the United States to extend one year the time-limit for ratification of the Danish West Indies treaty.

June 2.—The supreme court, after disposing of 375 cases, adjourns to October 13. Nearly eighty per cent of the anthracite engineers, firemen, and pumpmen obey the general strike order.

3.—The senate, after a debate of seven weeks and two days, passes the Philippine government bill, by a vote of 48 to 30. All minority amendments rejected.

6.—Virginia adopts a new constitution.

7.—German and Russian ambassadors propose to Secretary Hay a concerted action against anarchists.

18.—Secretary Moody assures the Italian ambassador that the publication of the findings of the court of inquiry in the case of the officers of the *Chicago*, imprisoned in Italy for riotous conduct, was unauthorized. The president signs the irrigation bill.

26.—The Ohio supreme court makes decisions that set aside the city governments of Cleveland, Toledo, and other Ohio cities. Admiral Dewey testifies before the senate committee that he had never recognized the insurgent government, and that he considers Aguinaldo to be animated by purely selfish motives.

28.—The president signs the isthmian canal bill, favoring the Panama route. It is estimated that the coal strike has cost all concerned \$40,000,000 to date.

30.—Congress appropriates \$500,000 for the Buffalo exposition, and \$160,000 for the Charleston.

July 1.—Congress adjourns after adopting the conference report on the Philippine bill.

4.—The president issues the amnesty proclamation to the Philippines, ending military rule.

### FOREIGN.

May 9.—Another eruption in St. Vincent kills many inhabitants. The loss at St. Pierre, Martinique, yesterday, is placed at 30,000 souls. The whole north-eastern part of Martinique (including six towns besides St. Pierre) is laid waste.

13.—Nearly two thousand are reported dead in St. Vincent. President Loubet starts on his visit to Russia.

17.—The accession of King Alfonso XIII. of Spain takes place in Madrid. Universal suffrage is voted by the Swedish rigsdag.

20.—Premier Waldeck-Rousseau of France resigns.

June 2.—Queen Wilhelmina is convalescent. The rebellion in Chi Li province, China, is reported spreading.

3.—The Waldeck-Rousseau ministry resign at Paris.

5.—William H. Taft, civil governor of the Philippines, is received by the Pope. Lord Kitchener is granted \$250,000.

24.—King Edward, whose illness suddenly became dangerous, undergoes an operation for aggravated appendicitis and lies in a critical condition. Volcanic activities continue in various parts of the world. Lord Milner takes the oath as governor of Orange River colony. Austria notifies the powers of her intention to terminate existing commercial treaties.

26.—King Edward's condition is improved, but the coronation must be postponed.

29.—King Edward passes the danger point.

### OBITUARY.

May 9.—President Henry Morton, of Stevens Institute, dies in New York City.

11.—Lieutenant-governor Stone, of Wisconsin, aged sixty-six, dies in Milwaukee.

13.—Walter N. Halderman, president of the *Courier-Journal* company, dies in Louisville.

18.—Bishop William Taylor, aged eighty-one, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, dies in California.

21.—Edwin L. Godkin, editor *emeritus* of the *New York Evening Post*, dies in England.

24.—Lord Pauncefoot, British ambassador, dies in Washington.

30.—Sylvester Pennoyer, ex governor of Oregon, dies in Portland.

June 3.—Dr. John Henry Barrows, president of Oberlin College, dies of pleuro-pneumonia at Oberlin, Ohio.

27.—Charles D. Long, justice of Michigan supreme court, dies in Detroit.

July 4.—Herve A. E. A. Paye, astronomer, and oldest member of the French Academy of Science, dies, aged eighty-eight.

7.—Chief Justice Marshall J. Williams, of the Ohio supreme court, dies, aged sixty-five, in Columbus.

